

TULSA'S DAZZLING DECO • WILDLIFE IN WINTER • COLLECTING COUPS

OKLAHOMA TODAY

JANUARY-FEBRUARY '88





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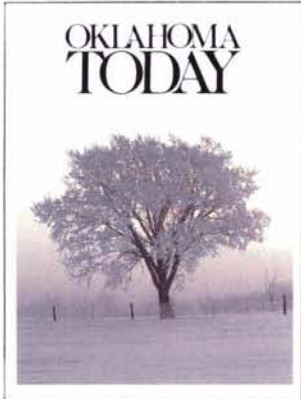
Henry Bellmon



Governor

Vol. 38, No. 1

COVERS



A vision of winter, Osage County. Photo by Harvey Payne. **Inside front.** Winding around the Illinois River. Photo by David Fitzgerald. **Back.** A great blue heron, Great Salt Plains Wildlife Refuge. Photo by Larry D. Brown.

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Whether they're tracking an old-time cookie jar or on a quest for vintage campaign buttons, this breed of shoppers finds that looking is half the fun.

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These stories are true, even when they're not based on fact. Each year, the tellers of tales gather to spin yarns and show a new generation how to share their words with the world.

BREAKING THE BARRIER 20

The pioneering Women's Air Service Pilots criss-crossed the country during World War II, ferrying planes and soldiers, testing newly repaired planes and towing targets for green artillery gunners. Meet five Oklahomans, all former WASPs, who loved every minute of it.

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Black gold made them rich, then optimism made them stretch their city to the sky. The oil tycoons and visionaries who built Tulsa in the 1920s and 1930s left a legacy of beauty called Art Deco.

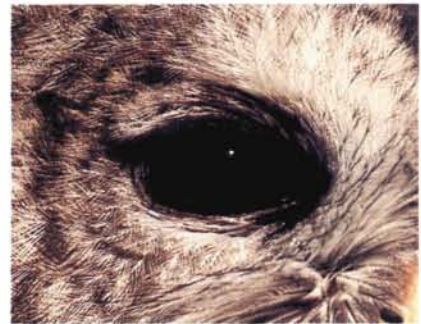


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Armed with cameras and infinite patience, these photographers stalk images of wildlife with skill, persistence and planning.

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Oklahoma's wildlife, captured on film.



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Sue Carter, *Editor-in-Chief*
Susan Bunney Tomlinson, *Managing Editor*
Hill/Stroud Design, *Art Direction & Production*
Carolyn Hollingsworth, *Marketing*
Barbara Palmer, *Assistant Editor*
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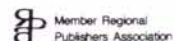
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TODAY IN OKLAHOMA

Because of the growing interest in next year's celebration of the '89er Land Run, which opened central Oklahoma to settlement, we are reminded daily of what a young state we live in. Our highways, cities, homes and schools have been built too recently to be considered old. However, Oklahomans still appreciate the elegant and fine craftsmanship of earlier days and enjoy reminiscing about the past, even though it may be only two or three generations ago.

First time visitors often remark about the beauty and sophistication of Tulsa. This is at least partly due to the Art Deco style of many of its commercial buildings, churches and residences.

Several of these distinctive buildings were designed by world-renowned architects Barry Byrne, Bruce Goff and Frank Lloyd Wright between 1925 and 1942, and many have been restored in recent years. Michael Wallis describes the best examples of this highly ornamental form of architecture, beginning on page 26.

☞ World War II slowed Art Deco construction, but it began a new lifestyle for some 1,000 American women—flying military planes. A special bond exists among these former WASPs, unrecognized and unappreciated as World War II veterans until 1977.

Several of the 21 former WASPs now living in Oklahoma reminisce with Barbara Palmer, *Oklahoma TODAY's* assistant editor, about their daring escapades, beginning on page 20.

☞ Storytelling, another form of reminiscing, is enjoying a renaissance in

Oklahoma. Almost a lost art with the advent of television, storytellers can be heard in libraries, classrooms and at festivals. And what can be more entertaining than a good story shared among family members?

Grandparents don't have to be the only storytellers in the family. My father used to tell the story of how my grandparents and their seven children rode a train for two weeks from Indiana to homestead in Oklahoma in 1903.

Pat Copeland tells the stories of storytellers and their tips on telling stories, beginning on page 14.

☞ Although an appreciation of fine craftsmanship from an earlier time may be why some buy antiques, others enjoy the hunt for collectibles or spotting a treasure among junk and buying at a bargain price. If you enjoy antiquing or collecting, some of the best places to look are described on page 8.

Next Issue: No matter which direction you choose to travel in Oklahoma for your spring and summer weekend vacations, you're gonna find places and people to love. Head eastward for a houseboating holiday on Lake Eufaula or west for nature hikes at Quartz Mountain. If your compass sends you north, you'll run into sand dunes, caves and bubbling springs. And for vacationers who choose to venture south, pack your fishing poles and family for a cozy country weekend at Lake Murray Resort. Also, we'll offer a guide to gardening in Oklahoma and one man's (sure to be contested) lineup of first-string choices for a powerhouse team manned by Oklahoma's legendary baseball greats. These stories and others in the March-April issue of *Oklahoma TODAY*.

☞ Some of our subscribers call or write wanting to know how to tell when subscriptions expire. It's not that difficult, really. Look at the top row of numbers on your address label. The first long number is your individual identification number. In the second group are three numbers, such as 885. The first two numbers indicate the year, and the third number tells your last issue. For example, 885 means that your subscription expires with the September/October issue in 1988, since that is the fifth issue for the year.

By now you have probably spotted signs along major highways announcing to all travelers, "This two miles adopted by such and such organization." If you have been wondering what's going on, this is the new Adopt-A-Highway program of the Oklahoma Department of Transportation.

☞ Joanne Orr of the Transportation Department says that all kinds of groups across the state are enlisting to pick up litter along their own two-mile stretch of highway. The Kiwanis Club of Chickasha got the program started last October. Since then, Boy Scouts, church and retired groups, company employees and other civic organizations have adopted highways near their towns.

The volunteers will pick up litter four times a year. The Transportation Department furnishes and picks up the bags and provides orange vests and safety training for the workers.

If your group is looking for a new project, give Joanne a call at (405) 521-2671. If she gets enough folks working, we should have an unspoiled view of the wildflowers next spring.

—Sue Carter

BOOKS

The Automotive History of Lucky Kellerman, by Steve Heller; *Chelsea Green Publishing Co., Chelsea, Vermont 05038; \$9.95, pb.* On his 65th birthday, Frank "Lucky" Kellerman locks him-

self into a one-room schoolhouse near Yukon to work in secret on his final project—restoring a Model 18 Ford Deluxe Roadster. Closeted away with a supply of insulin and sacks of sugar to feed the thousands of honeybees who live in the walls, Kellerman is a man with a manic mission. The car is to be a legacy for his only son, Curly, a failed game-show host who stopped sending postcards after Kellerman's wife, Babe, died.

The schoolhouse is haunted by a tragic past and so is the diabetic and ailing Kellerman. A gifted mechanic, he once owned a thriving garage in Yukon but lost it to bad luck and an unscrupulous competitor. As he works, Kellerman recalls the times of his life and the cars that symbolize them—his "automotive history."

Author Steve Heller lived near Yukon while writing the novel, and it shows on every page. The cast of characters who come to badger Kellerman or to try to talk him into coming outside are gloriously original in the way of small town folks everywhere.

And for those intrigued with tales of secret rooms at the state Capitol, a funny and sad scene where a maintenance worker is hoisted down on a painter's scaffold through the Rotunda is not to be missed.

The Silver Desoto, by *Patty Lou Floyd*; Council Oak Books, 1428 S. St. Louis, Tulsa, OK 74120; \$14.95, cloth. Betty Jane chooses to remain silent in a world dominated by adults and the secrets they keep from her. Then, one by one, she learns their secrets as she watches them die: Her cheery grandfather, who spends afternoons coaxing vegetables from the stingy soil of 1930s Dexter, Oklahoma, and then retreats each evening with his after-dinner "tea." Her beautiful Little Auntie, who loves sequined veils and turned down a Hollywood screen test to take tickets at the Palace, Dexter's movie theater. Her mother, divorced and unable to leave her girlhood home. And sharp-tongued Nanna, the keeper of

the family secrets, including her own.

But Betty Jane has secrets that belong just to her in a world where none of the intimidating adults are allowed. In this unblemished paradise, inhabited by Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford, the young girl leaves each day on the northbound train, the dream rocket, to a life beyond Dexter. And her frequent rides in a shiny new silver Desoto become magical explorations of other planets, expeditions of freedom.

LETTERS

Congratulations on your article on quilting ("Blessed are the Piece-makers," September-October). The story was well written, the photography excellent and the intricate artistry at the top of each page very nice.

And I wish to thank you for featuring one of my quilts. It makes the many hours spent in planning, sketching, marking, cutting, hand sewing (also taking apart, redesigning and sewing again), basting, quilting, measuring and binding seem worthwhile and appreciated.

E. Ann Warkentin
Enid

After reading Ralph Marsh's story on the sublime nature of an eastern Oklahoma road tour ("Backroads & Blue Highways," September-October) with photographs by Phillip Radcliffe, I just had to write. Quite simply, it is one of the most enjoyable pieces of writing I have read in a very long time.

Stan Morrison
Morris

Oklahoma became one of my favorite places when I visited my relatives in Shawnee and Oklahoma City the first time in the summer of 1980. I loved it so much that I returned to Oklahoma City in 1987, on my 27th birthday, while teaching French at St. Mary's Academy in Kansas.

I look back with pleasure to the hap-

py days I spent in the Sooner State, and I have vivid memories of the varied and beautiful scenery and kind hospitality, which made such an impression on me.

Now that I am back in France again, teaching English, I feel I must write to let you know how I enjoy each *Oklahoma TODAY* issue and to congratulate you on a great and colorful magazine, packed with interesting reading. Thank you ever so much for helping me share my friendship to your great state with my pupils.

Pascal-Charles Ferroni
Montreal-de-l'Aude, France

I am so delighted that after 39 years of looking for a calendar that depicts Oklahoma, it's paid off. Thank you for the lovely 1988 calendar with its beautiful photographs.

Frances M. Belsham
Oklahoma City

Editor's Note: If anyone would like to order Oklahoma TODAY's 1988 scenic wall calendar, just fill out and mail the order form provided on the gift insert between pages 24 and 25 of this issue. The cost for each calendar is \$5.95 plus \$1 shipping.

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (Signed) Sue Carter, Editor-in-Chief

Mary Ann

By Kathryn Jensen White

Mary Ann Keirseay may be one of the few women in the world who can go for a walk in a pasture full of her own buffalo and take one of her own pet bears along for company.

Mary Ann lives with her family on Windsong Ranch just east of Adair. Living with them are a herd of about 300 buffalo, silver foxes, a llama, a variety of goats and sheep, four ostriches and bears. Oh, my.

Although many of these animals are considered more dangerous and aggressive than their more domestic counterparts or more traditional pets, the Keirseys and their animals have learned to coexist peacefully. "The buffalo don't do much bothering," she explains. "I've only had one stalk me, ever. I was walking across the pasture with Teddy Bear and carrying a bucket because I was going to pick pecans for the bears when this one cow started following me. I didn't like it.

"Teddy Bear, being the brave animal he is, headed for the nearest tree. He didn't like it either, obviously. I shooed her off, but with no help from my bear. The second time she did it, I decided Teddy really had the best idea, so I headed for the tree, too. She watched us for half an hour or so, then lost interest and wandered away.

"It was probably because I was carrying a bucket and she thought I had food for her. But I wasn't convinced of what she had on her mind."

Mary Ann's cautious, commonsensical behavior in the situation she describes is typical of her approach to the full-time job she has as caretaker of such a diverse group of exotic animals.

JIM ARGO



"Fear has always been there, and it's there all the time. It's under control now with the buffalo because they are well under control, but right at first you bring in a hundred animals and you think, someone's going to get hurt with them. We study our animals really carefully. We study all we can find written about them. And we take every physical precaution we can. And then we pray. Any animal is dangerous. The animal I'm afraid of most on the ranch is the horse. I don't even like to have my son, J.J., ride horses, and you know how much interaction there is with horses on a ranch," she says.

The Keirseys began surrounding themselves with exotic animals in 1984, when they brought a herd of buffalo to the ranch. Before Mary Ann moved to the country, she'd been a bonafide city slicker living in Tulsa and working in the gas and oil business.

Of her new lifestyle and role as mama bear, mama buffalo, mama ev-

ery animal, she says, simply, "I love it. It never was hard for me; I loved it from the beginning. It's hard work, but I don't mind hard work."

Not only is her work hard, it's often, well, strange. Or at least strange compared to what she did in the beautifully appointed offices of Tulsa's oil and gas companies.

Take, for example, the task of potty training a bear cub, a chore Mary Ann must see to. "You have to stimulate them like their mother does," she explains. "You take cotton and rub them. Over the potty. All mother animals do that, so in order that they don't get messed up, I take them to the bathroom and do that."

Mary Ann believes very strongly that the animals she harbors need protection from their worst enemy, man, and help in preserving themselves as a species. With these two ends in mind, she devotes herself to her animals, always taking care that their environment is right for them and that their lives mirror as much as possible what they would be in the wild.

"We just have to teach the bears not to use their claws. They're a lot harder to handle at a few weeks because just clawing air they could hurt you. But we want them to be natural, so we don't declaw them," Mary Ann says. "Our animals could survive in the wild if we released them. Their only problem would be man. Teddy Bear has hunted pecans and persimmons and everything in the woods, but he'd walk right up to a hunter."

To keep the bears safe from two-legged predators and to keep any visitors to Windsong Ranch safe from the

bears, the Keirseys have created enclosed bear areas. In front of their home is a 5,000-square-foot fenced area with a shade tree, a bear house and a tank of water for swimming. At various times, Teddy Bear, a 2-year-old black bear weighing about 250 pounds, and Cindy, a Syrian brown bear weighing 150 pounds, have resided there. Mary Ann is presently training Murphy, a 9-month-old black bear weighing in at 100 pounds, to live happily in the pleasant bear-ea.

Bruno, a 6-year-old black bear who tips the scales at an awesome 350 pounds, was Mary Ann's first bear baby. He resides in a comfortable, large cage in front of the small Windsong Trading Post at the entrance to the ranch. In the spring of 1987, Mary Ann also had two small black bears of 8 and 12 weeks old, Joey and Honey Paws. She was getting them ready for other homes and fighting the strong bonding that comes naturally as she takes these tiny, mobile balls of fur and helps them get ready for life.

"Joey is going to a family in Holdenville. They live out in the country and they're prepared to handle it the way it should be handled. They're going to build a large compound. I have these macho type guys come and say 'I want a bear.' For them, I don't know anywhere in the state or even the country where I can come up with a bear."

To keep her bears happy and healthy, Mary Ann has worked out diets that are nutritionally sound and that contain some of the elements the bears would find in the wild. She starts the cubs off on goat's milk, then weans them to pablum. Next, she whips up high protein puppy chow in a blender with the pablum and milk. Then they move to plain old puppy chow. Eventually, their diets expand to include fruits and vegetables along with the dog food.

Although Mary Ann enjoys all the exotic animals surrounding her, she is partial to the bears. To document her experiences with them, she's keeping a written record. "I'm really studying

bears for a book," she explains. "They're fascinating animals. I'm writing from the very beginning of all this, because when you learn stuff, if you write it down you realize what you're learning. If you wait until after you've done it five years, you don't remember what you've learned."

With the buffalo, Mary Ann is doing something slightly different. Instead of spinning yarns about them, she is spinning yarn from them.

"They start shedding off in May," says Mary Ann. "By June, when the men are haying, they find wool all over the pasture. They pick up big hunks of it for me, but probably a lot gets baled."

Mary Ann also collects wool herself, finding large masses of it on a tree-covered hill in one of their pastures. "That's the birthing pasture," she explains, "where they come when they're ready to give birth. It's also where they come to die."

At the height of the buffalo's shedding, the trees in the birthing/dying pasture look eerie, with large masses of gauzy tan wool hanging from their trunks and low branches. After seeing all the wool wasted for the first two years they had the herd, Mary Ann decided there ought to be something she could do with it.

A spinning class in Tulsa prepared her to prepare the wool for casting on to knitting needles. "After gathering it, I wash it with shampoo and creme rinse. I comb it while it's wet using a regular comb, but that's just my technique. Then I card it."

When the dirty looking clumps have become a clean, soft mass of light brown wool, Mary Ann sits down at the spinning wheel. In an evening of television watching, she can spin about two ounces of yarn. She also shears her sheep and goats, so she has the longer-fibered wool that comes from them to mix with the short fibers of the buffalo wool. The resulting yarn is a pleasantly soft and slightly nubby strand. Mary Ann has knitted a sweater vest with her product, and it's lovely.

Mary Ann sells her yarn in the Windsong Trading Post, which she and her daughter opened to serve as an outlet for their buffalo meat. The yarn sells for \$6 an ounce. Their buffalo meat is available in all the standard cuts, as well as in salami, jerky and summer sausage. Also available in the store are buffalo hides—which run from \$150 to \$650—buffalo skulls and a wide variety of Oklahoma-produced art and crafts.

Mary Ann has accomplished much on the ranch in Adair, but she has visions of doing more. "Our zoos just aren't funded well," she says. "Most of them are just keeping examples of species. They aren't perpetuating them." Mary Ann feels that concerned citizens with the knowledge and the ability may need to accept responsibility for supplementing the efforts of zoos. She would like, eventually, to use part of her land to do just that.

"I think our ultimate plan, if we're able, is to have a refuge for bears, or a drive-through park centered around bears or maybe around the native animals of Oklahoma. We'd like a heritage-type situation, with animals that were native to Oklahoma," she explains.

Mary Ann's discussion of her major interest is filled with references to responsibility, not only toward her animals, but also toward her neighbors, her family and the regulations governing the care and keeping of wildlife.

"There are choices we all make. I told all my kids that if I were harmed by any of my bears, I'm doing what I most want to do in life," she says. "It's the same with the buffalo, but we don't want anyone else to be hurt because of our interest. Sometimes I get tired and think 'Oh, we're crazy.' But I'm thankful to my God that I get a chance to do this. It's a dream world for me."

Have a nominee for "Uncommon Common Folk"? Write to Kathryn clo Oklahoma TODAY, P.O. Box 53384, Oklahoma City, OK 73152.

THE
SPORT
OF
COLLECTING

By Barbara Palmer
Photos by Fred W. Marvel

Betty Hackett
went out one morning 20 years ago to look for a
Depression glass sugar bowl. What she found was a whole
new way of life. Poking through
endless shelves filled with



Steve Ellsworth, at the Cola Mill:
Cola lovers come to his Tulsa shop first.

glass suited her, she discovered, and so did antique shops, junk stores, rising early for estate sales and sitting long hours on hard benches at auctions. Once she began to buy, she never looked back.

With a self-imposed \$1 limit, Hackett began to collect Depression glass, a kind of colored, pressed glass manufactured during the 1930s. She expanded her purchases to crystal and china, then crocks and sifters and other old kitchen equipment. As her limit grew, so did her taste and knowledge in antiques.

Looking for the old or one-of-a-kind is something "you either like or you don't," she says. But "once the bug bites, that's it."

Two years ago, the sheer volume of her purchases convinced her to open a small shop in south Tulsa to sell some of her collection.

"I didn't plan on it, but I had no room in the garage for the car, no room in the house for anything. I had stuff in boxes going down the hall."

Inside her shop on a Sunday afternoon, two gray cats curled up sleeping while outside a gray, wet wind tossed dead leaves onto the sidewalk. Hack-

ett beams. "This nasty weather doesn't matter. It brings out the serious antiques."

Antique" is a term different people use to mean different things.

The U.S. government, in setting down customs guidelines, defines an antique as anything made before 1847. "Some people, especially here in the Midwest where the area is young, say something is antique when it is 50 years old," says Betty Hicks, co-owner of a Tulsa shop and the vice president of the Tulsa Oil Capital Antique Dealers Association.

To Hicks and other purists, if it isn't 100 years old, it's not antique.

The term collectible refers to the end of an era, she says. When something is no longer being manufactured, it becomes more valuable. Examples are figurines made in Japan at the end of World War II, when the country was occupied by the United States. Merchandise made then was stamped "Occupied Japan." At the end of the occupation, anything carrying that stamp became collectible.

Art Deco pieces, political buttons, advertising tins, toy pistols—the list of collectibles is as varied as collectors are themselves. One toy collector may buy only pre-1940s pedal car toys with original paint, and another, miniature china tea sets.

Even though Oklahoma is a young state, it has a ready stock of antiques and collectibles. They shuffle in and out of the state, taken out by dealers from other states who come in to buy and brought in by local dealers who make buying trips throughout the country. Mass circulation newspapers like *The Antique Trader Weekly* carry pages of classified advertising selling china, toys, books, furniture and jewelry, from all over the country. One Tulsa dealer remembers ordering a set of china from a dealer in Scottsdale, Arizona. A few months later she advertised the set and got an offer, so she repacked the china and mailed it to the

customer—in Scottsdale.

Tulsan Jere Horne sells furniture and collectibles from a cozy nook in Chouteau. She makes buying trips out of state occasionally and also maintains ties with "pickers," who comb the area where they live to sell to dealers in Oklahoma and other states. Horne's collection is eclectic, with many relics of a more sentimental era. On one wall a sampler exclaims "You are as Welcome as the Flowers in May." A baby bed she bought at a flea market has a picture frame on the headboard, intended to hold a baby's photo and a lock of hair.

Over the last few years, Horne has watched the antique business boom, fueled partly, she says, by country decorating magazines with huge circulations.

Growth has brought a greater awareness of what customers might be willing to pay for old things. Junk stores, which in the past were often like rough oyster shells yielding pearls to the educated buyer, hold mostly junk now.

Once devoted to garage sales, Horne shops them rarely now. But habit, optimism, and a sign at an intersection can still send her car into suburban cul-de-sacs in search of an exception. At a sale in a newer Tulsa neighborhood, Horne looked over the assembled outgrown shoes, kitchen gadgets and appliances bearing signs, "Works good." An unusual but indeterminate copper lamp catches her eye. The price tag reads, "ANTIQUE \$20."

This is the kind of thing I would buy when I was just starting out." Today, she gets back into her car empty-handed.

Sales in older neighborhoods are usually best, she says, because sometimes two generations have lived in a single house. But at garage sales in general, "You have to kiss a lot of toads before you meet a prince."

One place where a collector is almost sure to find collectibles is in one of the antique malls popping up around the state, one after another. The malls consolidate merchandise



under one roof, usually selling it from booths stocked by absent owners. A single cashier receives payment.

Some malls rival their retail counterparts for impersonality, with uniform price tags and gray industrial grade carpet. Others, like Hoover's Have-All Mall in Claremore, are mosaics of individual style. At Hoover's, gruff hand-lettered signs bark orders ("Don't Spit in the Ashtray" or "You Break, You Buy"). Booths are enclosed in plywood and chicken wire, shelves are likely to be planks resting on ladders.

Many sellers who rent space in the malls are themselves collectors. They finance their passions for bird's eye maple or teddy bears by reselling things they find along the way.

Linda Renegar, a soft-spoken woman with long brown hair, began going to auctions and flea markets near her Vinita home with the modest intention of buying a quilt or two. She began to resell them after her collection grew too large. "I kept running into bargains I just couldn't pass up."

Now Renegar buys, sells and repairs quilts made in the 1930s and 1940s to pay for the ones she most loves: quilts made between 1900 and 1920 from soft red and blue calico.

"I figure out of every 50 quilts I buy, there's one there for me."

Shopping mostly in rural areas, Renegar has paid as little as \$5 for a quilt and as much as \$200, reselling the quilts at flea markets and antique shows around the state. She repairs quilts with fabric from a boxful she bought at a flea market or dyes old muslin to replace tattered bindings. She would never use new fabric, she says. "I *hate* polyester."

With 265 booths stretching through four cavernous rooms, the Tulsa Flea Market at the fairgrounds has something for almost any taste or budget. An old phonograph rasps out a waltz in one room, and down the aisle two fiddlers saw through a bluegrass tune. Rare advertising signs, in pristine condition and selling for premium prices, hang in the same room where a dealer

holds up a sign at the end of the day. "Everything, 3 for \$1."

In a world of computerized checkout stands and standardized prices, part of the fun at the flea market is trying to whittle the prices down. Dealers often knock off a dollar or two from the price of a smaller item, or \$15 or \$20 from larger ones. Some seem disappointed if a buyer skips the bartering ritual and pays the asking price.

The crowds of people who stroll through at 10 a.m., trailing balloons and popcorn, are not likely to find the best deals, a flea market regular says. Serious collectors arrive long before 8 a.m., when the flea market officially opens to the public.

By 7:30 a.m., high school history teacher Jim Brown is walking around with his hands in his pockets. While it was still dark outside, Brown found two rare political campaign buttons, paid less for them than he would have expected and is pleased.

Part of the appeal of buying collectibles is the opportunity to profit. Once, Brown bought a button for \$5 and sold

it for \$200. A friend of his bought a tin windup astronaut toy at the flea market for \$25. He later sold it at an Atlantic City toy show for \$600.

"There is always that little dream, that you will buy something for \$1 and sell it for \$20,000," says Sondra Woodward, an Oklahoma City dealer. Woodward was a doll collector when she heard of an individual who wanted to sell a huge inherited toy collection. In a single transaction, Woodward bought 2,000 dolls and 1,500 other toys, paying far less than the collection was worth. "Other dealers say to me, 'I'm in this until something like that happens to me.'"

Like the stock market, timing is everything in buying and reselling collectibles. Pincushion dolls, once sought after, are out of favor, their prices deflated.

While some shoppers look for bargains, others are driven by whatever impulse it is that sends people out in search of the oldest, the biggest, the rarest, *the one they don't have*.

"Collectors are like alcoholics," says



These scoops, choppers and strainers from Betty Hackett's shop are popular in country-decorating schemes. Experience has taught her to spot a reproduction from across the room.



Ever-popular Blue Willow china, especially Victorian English patterns, is becoming scarce, says one dealer. This, from England and made in 1912, can be found at Hoover's Mall in Claremore.

one dealer, himself surrounded by at least 30 metal meat grinders.

For Nancy Bender, much of the pleasure of collecting lies in the hunt.

Bender searched out flea markets and estate sales, buying more than 250 pieces of Shawnee pottery, a hotly collected brand made in an Ohio factory from 1936 to 1961. "Then," Bender says, "I lost interest."

Bender sold all but 20 of her favorite pieces, using the cash to add to her collections of cows, cats, cast iron doll furniture and miniature skillets. Her current consuming interest is adding to her 300-plus collection of Scottie dog figures. Bender has china Scotties, cast iron Scotties, a Scottie lamp, Scottie cigarette lighters, even a light bulb with a filament shaped like a Scottie.

Scottie figures abound because they were popular in the 1930s and 1940s when Franklin Roosevelt had a Scot-

tish terrier named Fala, says Bender.

Bender often rents space at the Tulsa flea market, where she sells her excess to other collectors. She says that if she has learned one thing, it is this: "I don't care how ugly it is, there is a buyer for it somewhere."

Jeff Spanier runs a valve and fitting company in Tulsa and is a serious toy collector. "Unfortunately," he says.

Toys are booming now, and their prices could make a grown man cry. Mint condition Japanese windup toys made in the early 1900s start at about \$150.

Mint condition toys in their original boxes are the most valuable and rare. Odds are against the average toy avoiding nicks, scratches or bent parts, or being stored in its original box.

One Saturday morning, Spanier bought an unassembled stamped-metal dollhouse and an unfired toy missile,

both in their original boxes. After the sale, Spanier, his nephew Joe Spanier and dealer Clayton Sackett contemplated the missile. They never would have left a missile lying in a box like that. Probably, the missile was sold in a lot by a toy company liquidating its assets, Spanier says.

By collecting toys, Spanier speculates that he may be reconstructing his childhood, buying what he wanted as a kid but never received.

Fourteen-year-old Joe Spanier says he has an idea why another uncle, Tim Spanier, goes to toy shows. "He's trying to get back his Hop-A-Long Cassidy gun and holster set. When he was little, he traded it for a Lone Ranger set." A bad deal, then and now.

Almost everyone who spends any time at a flea market or in antique stores is likely to come face-to-face with a startling price tag on a duplicate of something they hauled off to the dump or gave away.

Discerning the future values of contemporary things can be tricky. A newsletter Jere Horne receives advises readers to save Trivial Pursuit games and Big Mac containers. Horne isn't sure. Hammered aluminum dishes, popular in the 1950s, are rumored to be on the brink of exploding as collectibles. Horne is reserving judgment.

Stopping by her booth in Chouteau to restock, she listens as shopkeeper Vicki Berry tells her about a disappointing buying trip through Kansas.

The shops were dusty and the proprietors grumpy, Berry says. "It seems like things are getting so hard to find. They aren't making any more antiques, you know."

"Oh sure they are," Horne says cheerily. "We just don't know what they are yet." ®

Barbara Palmer, Oklahoma TODAY's assistant editor, and Fred W. Marvel, staff photographer for the Oklahoma Tourism and Recreation Department, caught the infectious collecting bug while working on this story. Neither finished the story empty-handed.

Playing the Field:

Top Scoring Markets and Malls

One of the tricks to knowing where to look for antiques and collectibles is knowing what not to overlook. Keeping an open mind can turn up treasures, collectors and dealers say. "I dig with the best of them" at flea markets, says one owner of a fashionable shop, pushing up her silky sleeves. One collector, a frequenter of flea markets, says she has found exceptional deals at interior decorating shops.

There are antique shops, malls and flea markets to be found all over the state. The following list is an eclectic compilation, made with recommendations from Tulsa collectors.

Colonial Antiques, 1325 and 1329 E. 15th Street, Tulsa; open Monday to Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Sunday, 1 to 5 p.m.; (918) 582-5634. Considered a benchmark among Tulsa antique shops, Colonial sells 18th and 19th century American furniture and accessories. Colonial is also a good place to start in Tulsa because antique shops dot 15th Street to the east and the Brookside area to the south on Peoria Avenue, between 31st and 51st Streets.

Chelsea Fair, 2235 E. 51st Street, Tulsa; open Monday through Saturday, 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., and Sunday, 1 to 5 p.m.; (918) 744-5488. Mentioned without fail by Tulsa collectors as one of the best spots around to find high-quality collectibles. Seventy-eight dealers sell antiques and collectibles.

Persimmon Hollow Antique Village, 6927 S. 115th E. Avenue, Tulsa; open Saturday and Sunday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; (918) 252-7113. Persimmon Hollow is a collection of 45 antique shops in a setting reminiscent of a turn-of-the-century village, with a log cabin, wooden sidewalks and a covered bridge.

Tulsa Flea Market, Tulsa fairgrounds, 19th and New Haven; open Saturday, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.; (918) 744-1386. One Tulsa collector says he has been to flea markets in Dallas, Houston, Little Rock and Kansas City, and Tulsa is the best and the cheapest. There are regular dealers from six states in 235 booths.

Victorian Village, 101 W. Main, Jenks, where a city ordinance requires downtown merchants to use a turn-of-the-century theme when making renovations; open Monday through Friday, 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., and Saturdays, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.; (918) 299-8302. Ric Poston and a partner have created what Poston calls a "mini-mall," using a combination of new construction and renovation. The 12-store mall includes three antique stores, and each of the other stores must sell and display some antiques.

House of Antiques, 209 S. Choctaw, Bartlesville; open Monday to Saturday, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.; (918) 336-5067. Owner Betty Garrett rents rooms in a big two-story house to 10 dealers. They sell glass, silver, Victorian furniture and quilts, among other things.

Pat and Hank's Antiques, 410 Don Tyler, Dewey; open Tuesday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; (918) 534-2027. Pat and Hank's sells a general line of collectibles and furniture, says Hank Guthrie. There is no phone at the shop, but Hank's Barber Shop (same Hank) next door takes calls for the antique store. Guthrie said they started buying old stuff for his barber shop and couldn't quit.

The Antique Mall, 202 N. Osage, Dewey; open Monday through Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; (918) 534-2660. In what used to be a music store, 24 dealers sell glass, primitives, quilts and collectibles.

Gooseberry Hill Antiques, north of Claremore; from town, take Highway 66 north from the Will Rogers Hotel for four miles. After passing a pipeyard, take the first turn to the right and travel east for 3.7 miles. At the top of the hill, turn right at the Gooseberry Hill sign and drive 1/4 mile. Pass a two-story colonial house and follow the road to the right. The shop is in a pumpkin-colored, barn-like house; open Sundays, noon to 6 p.m., or by appointment; (918) 476-6581. The shop is on a 10-acre lot with woods, a creek, geese and deer. Owner Kay Sharp sells nothing but American-made antiques.

Frailey's Antiques and Country Mall, 1 mile south of Chouteau on Highway 69; open daily, 10 a.m.; (918) 476-6581. If Frailey's looks more like a single-owner antique shop than most malls, that's because it was one until 1984. Twenty dealers sell furniture, pottery, glassware, lamps, clocks, quilts and more.

Crystalwood Antiques, Calera; from Highway 75, take the North McKinley exit and travel two blocks north on the service road; open Monday through Saturday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Sunday from noon to 5 p.m.; (405) 434-5001. Ten dealers sell quilts, furniture, baskets and collectibles.

Marcie's Antiques, Calera; from Highway 75 exit east onto Washington Street. Marcie's is the first building across the railroad tracks; open Monday to Saturday, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., and after church on Sunday until 6 p.m.; (405) 434-7346. Marcie's sells furniture, toys, miniatures, old prints, primitives, art glass, Depression glass and more.

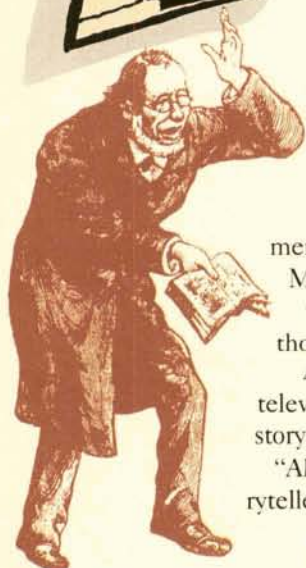
The Colonies, 1120 N.W. 51st, Oklahoma City; open Tuesday to Friday, 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., and Sunday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; (405) 842-9093. Four historic buildings, moved from downtown Oklahoma City, house 35 shops in 50 rooms.

Public Market Antiques, 311 S. Klein, Oklahoma City; open Tuesday to Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.; (405) 239-2273. Thirty shops filled with collectibles and antiques are housed in a building which was part of the old Farmers Market. A nearby fresh produce market operates year-round.

— Barbara Palmer

AMAZING

By Pat Copeland Photos by David Koelsch



For years, Indians gathered in a community meeting house to hear the tribe's storyteller. For years, he had told the same stories. Then someone, someone who thought the Indians might enjoy new stories, stories about the modern world, installed a television in the meeting house.

For weeks, the Indians crowded around the television, mesmerized. The old storyteller quit telling stories.

Months later when the visitor returned, the television was dark, silent and the storyteller was telling those same old tales again.

Astonished, the visitor asked, "Doesn't the television know more stories than your storyteller?"

"Ah, yes," they replied. "But the storyteller knows us."

They know us.

Dick McGuinn was an Air Force communications specialist for 22 years. "In remote locations, telling stories was about the only entertainment we had," he says.

When he retired from the military, he came home to Hallett, where he was raised, and started telling stories professionally.

A "natural storyteller," McGuinn doesn't memorize a story, rather, "I watch an incident in my mind and tell you what I see."

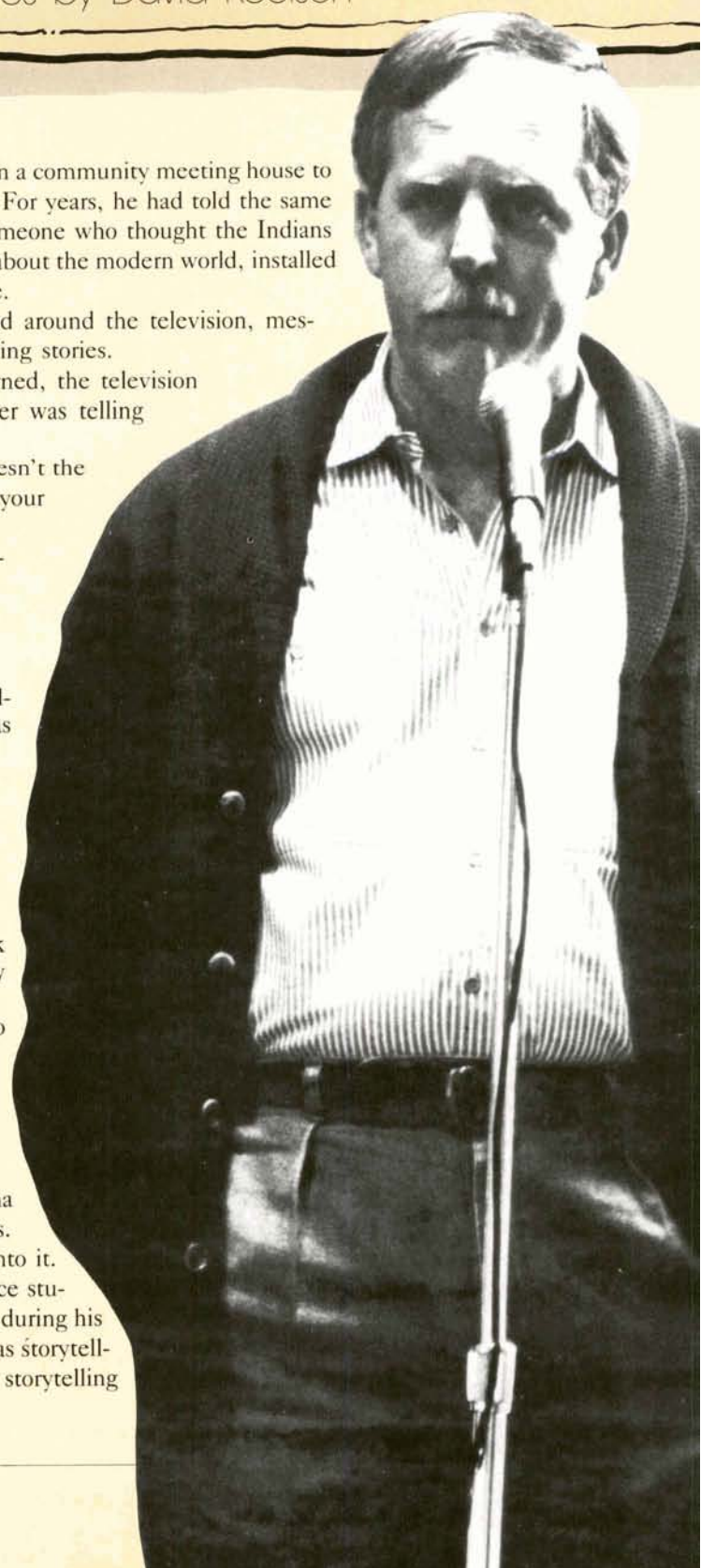
His forte is stories of the dust bowl, oil field and Ozark Mountains, which make him popular at Silver Dollar City in Missouri.

"It comes as a shock to learn that people will pay me to tell stories," he says.



Roger and Marie Harris share an enthusiasm for family stories. Roger "collects" the real-life experiences of Oklahomans and also tells Oklahoma political stories. Marie tells her own family stories.

Like many storytellers today, they sort of fell into it. Marie told stories to her elementary school science students. Roger, a history buff and folk musician, told stories during his performances, but neither of them thought of themselves as storytellers until they were asked to tell stories at the first annual storytelling festival in Oklahoma City.

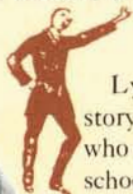


STORIES



Since then, they perform often, but they say the private storytelling—in Marie's classroom and especially the late-night story swaps with their fathers—is still important.

"Most of us have a powerful need for creative reminiscing," says Roger.



Lynn Moroney learned storytelling from the nuns who taught at the Catholic school she attended, from radio's "Let's Pretend," from the fairytales told at home and from a man who lived next door. "We thought he was crazy," she says. "He told us in 1943 to meet him on the roof, and we watched as one by one the stars fell out of the sky."

Eventually, she told stories about the stars at the Kirkpatrick Center Planetarium in Oklahoma City, where she lives, then took a job as special projects coordinator for the Arts Council of Oklahoma City. In 1981, when it came time for the council's spring arts festival, she scheduled herself for half an hour of storytelling and has been telling stories ever since.

History buff Roger Harris takes his real-life tales out of the state's "plain folks" tradition.

Fran Stallings, the oldest of five children, had told her siblings stories to quiet them when they were young. In college, though, she studied molecular genetics, then taught university biology in Michigan until her husband was transferred to Bartlesville.

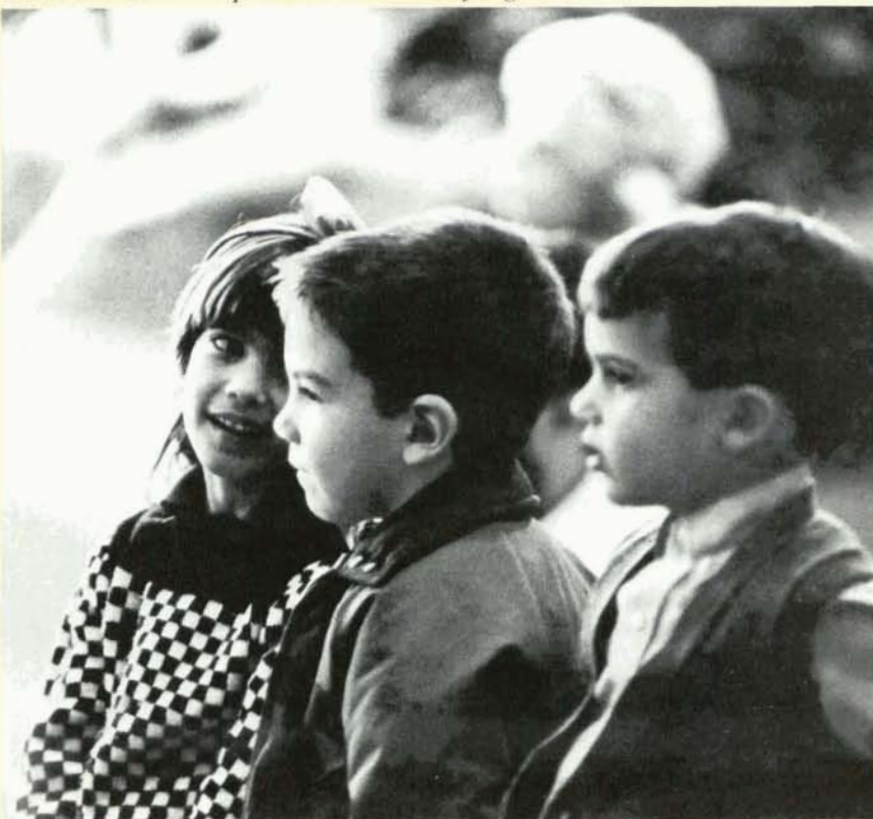
When her children started school, she wanted to contribute to their education, so she volunteered to read to kindergartners. When they couldn't see the pictures, she abandoned the books and went back to telling stories.

Now she is a full-time storyteller for the Oklahoma Arts Council's artist-in-residence program.



Pat Nelson, a retired Tulsa librarian, is also a storytelling artist-in-residence for Oklahoma. Through week-long workshops in the schools, Nelson says, children learn sequencing, which is helpful in learning to read. Also, they

The "Young People's Matinee" on Saturday afternoon is especially for kids. Guest artists shorten their stories and point them toward their young audience.





"Traditionally, the storyteller is the most powerful person in any culture.

She communicates the value system, the traditions and beliefs," says Lynn Moroney. "And people are products of the storytellers. The contemporary storyteller—the television—is telling lies: telling you in 20 seconds that the thing to do if you're unhappy is wash away the gray and you and your kids will be happy.

"Problems are created, identified and solved in 30-minute serials. But people grow up and realize it doesn't work that way."

Audiences like to hear "stories that say it's going to be all right," Moroney says. "Stories of affirmation, stories of celebration; celebrating life, death passages."

People want to hear that "right will prevail, that patience wins," Dick McGuinn says.

Stories give them what they need, Moroney says. "If they need to be caressed, that's what they'll hear. If they need to be forgiven, that's what they'll hear."



"Stories are everywhere ...," says Fran Stallings (left). "Eavesdrop."



learn vocabulary, writing and self-expression.

"But the biggest thing is that storytelling brightens the school," Nelson says. "After the second session, the kids are whispering to each other about the stories.

"I'm not in favor of storytelling being analyzed. I want the value of the story to be cherished. I hope that children experience a magic."

What Nelson wants the teachers to learn is that "stories are valuable and we all have our own stories and not until I know your stories will I know you and the same with me."



Storytellers weave tales with the thread of common experience: "They know us."



Storytelling is enjoying a renaissance in Oklahoma and all over the United States not only because, as humans, storytellers know us, but because their stories help us know ourselves.

Public schools in Edmond, referred to as the Golden Ghetto, hire a storyteller to work with status-conscious elementary school children.

Schools in Apache hire a storyteller

to show the Indian children how important the stories they already know are; she shares some of her family stories and within the week, they have new-found pride in the stories they've heard all their lives.

At a Lake Texoma summer camp for teenagers who have been emotionally and physically abused, a storyteller tells stories about self-consciousness

and selfishness, love and compassion.

In an effort to teach prospective teachers at Central State University how to use the right side of their brains, a storyteller shows them how to get in touch with their own personal stories.

In northeastern Oklahoma, a storyteller tours senior citizen facilities and helps older folks *remember* their life stories.

In recent years in this culture just about the only place to hear stories was in the children's section of the library, although storytelling is enjoyable and helpful to others besides children.

"Adults enjoy listening because stories are a celebration of communal values," Pat Nelson says. "They celebrate the idea that good overcomes evil; they celebrate the value of love."

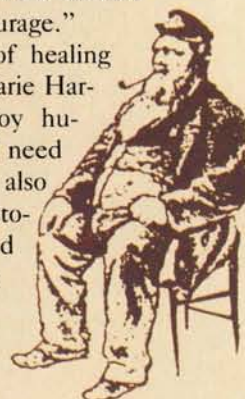
"It seems we need humanness and personalness. Storytelling is not impersonal. It reminds you of your humanness and people like to be reminded of that."

Lynn Moroney agrees. "Maybe people intuitively need substance and aren't getting it. Stories of the human experience reach us at the deepest level. Stories help us celebrate what we already know and they help us know about wonder. Stories help us dream."

An adopted child and later a widow, Nelson also lost a son; she is especially aware of the sadness of death. Many of her stories, funny stories, are about death.

"Stories about death are healing for children and adults," she says. "It makes no difference whether we die sooner or later. What matters is living with courage."

"I get a lot of healing from stories," Marie Harris says. "I enjoy humorous stories; I need to laugh. But I also need true-life stories. Laughter and tears speak to some part of me."



Wintertales director Lynn Moroney chose "Patchwork" as this year's theme. "Each scrap recalls a person or event, stories passed down ... over the quilting frame."



Stories—the remembering, the making, the telling of them—have become an integral part of the Harrises' lives. They say they help them through difficult periods; they help them get to know each other, and, once again, themselves.

They told stories to Roger's mother as she lay dying. They told stories to their son during midnight attacks of asthma—and in his rhythmic jibberish, they say he told them some.

Marie's infective enthusiasm for a

good story spread to her students and one 9-year-old boy in particular. After she had told stories about her grandmother, he went to his grandfather and tape recorded his stories. When Marie heard the stories, she invited the boy's grandfather to class.

One day the boy came to school with the news that his grandfather was very sick. The class members wrote letters to him, and before he died he told his grandson how important the sharing of his stories had been to him.

"We're strange creatures," Roger says. "We keep up with fashion: we dress alike, drive the same cars. On the other hand, we have a real need to understand ourselves as individuals."

"It's very important to know your personal history," Marie says. "It helps me understand myself and my family. It's easier to know where I'm going if I know where I've been." 

Freelance writer Pat Copeland lives in Billings. David Koelsch is an Oklahoma City-based photographer.



Adam McBride-Smith, age 8, takes a turn at the microphone.



Getting There

Once a year they gather in Oklahoma for two days of storytelling, these people who love stories. "Wintertales," held annually in Oklahoma City in January, features two or three professionals from outside the state who conduct workshops on how to tell stories, how to learn your own stories and what the stories mean.

This year's festival at Leadership Square begins on Jan. 29, with workshops from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. At 8 p.m., Oklahoma's storytellers (they have an organization, the Territory Tellers) will perform in concert and invite novices to join in. Another workshop is scheduled for Saturday, Jan. 30. A matinee begins at 2:30 p.m. with shorter stories especially for children. Children aged 5 and under may find the stories in other concerts hard to follow. At 8 p.m., following folk dancing and music, the professionals will again tell stories in concert.

Tickets are \$35 for all events, or \$3 for individual performances. For more information, contact the Arts Council of Oklahoma City, 400 W. California, Oklahoma City, OK, 73102; (405) 236-1426.

Sprouting Your Own Stories

A storytelling festival is an insidious thing. At first, it's simply indulgent to sit back, tune out your troubles and listen to someone tell a story. The warmth, protection and care of childhood storytime return.

But as one storyteller after another tells stories, as storytellers explain the value of stories, other things begin to happen. For one thing, the imagination gets a workout. For another, truths—ugly, wise, reassuring, sublime, profound truths—float to the surface.

Then, gently, a storyteller beckons listeners to tell a story. A little story, say, a vignette about your family. To get things rolling, he tells how every Wednesday was meatloaf night in his parents' house until the Wednesday night, some 20-odd years after they had been married, when his father told his mother he didn't like meatloaf.

There is a chain reaction as, one by one, people in the audience remember family idiosyncrasies. After many members of the group of strangers have shared stories, the storyteller gives them one more story in return.

He tells about his father, an Illinois farmer, and the farm bell used for emergencies. He tells how the first time he rang the bell, as a boy, he rang it not because there was an emergency, but because he couldn't resist ringing it. He tells of his father's death and how he still hears the bell.

By the end of the workshop, this group knows the storyteller. The storyteller knows the people in his workshop because they have shared common experiences, because they have revealed something of themselves.

After two days of stories and workshops, there is an unspoken understanding, between participants and between participants and storytellers. On the last night, when the out-of-town storytellers stand on stage at the end of their concert, face the audience and, as a surprise encore, sing "Oklahoma!," the song has new meaning, for it is a gift from outsiders. They are saying, "We know you. We like you. We are alike."

Some festival-goers will never be the same. They will want to hear more, and they will want to tell stories themselves.

It's not all that difficult. At last year's festival in Oklahoma City, during the Friday night Olio—a sort of amateur night at the microphone—many people lined up and, one by one, told stories for more than two hours.

There are, of course, countless stories. Storytellers find them in books or hear other tellers tell them and because something about that story, perhaps something they can't identify, speaks to them, they tell it themselves. Too, there are countless stories that haven't been told, person-

al stories about one's own experiences or family.

Though there are classes and workshops in storytelling all across the United States, storytelling can be as simple as telling stories. You just begin.

Here are a few pointers from the pros:

- Choose stories you like to tell. Lynn Moroney says people remember the stories that speak to them and those are the stories they can tell.

If the story is from a book, read it several times, then let it sit and, from time to time, go over it in your mind, visualizing the scenes.

- When you know the story, visualize it and tell what you see. Tell it in your own words; except for stories that are especially literary, word-for-word memorization is not necessary or desirable.

- Tell the story in front of a mirror, into a tape recorder and to a friend. Don't wait too long to tell it to a live audience.

- There is no right way to tell a story—every person has his or her own style.

- Take your time. The biggest mistake beginning storytellers make, says Massachusetts storyteller Bill Harley, is to speed up when they feel they have lost the audience's attention. Instead, slow down and watch the story yourself.

- Be aware of the power of silence; it gives the listener a chance to picture what is happening.

Jim May, an Illinois storyteller who teaches people how to build their own stories, offers these suggestions to identify family stories:

- Describe the first place you remember living.
- List the people who lived in that place.
- List the people who visited there.
- List the people who lived in the community.

Then, write a one sentence description of each of these people. Characters and plot will emerge.

Describe society at large. This will provide a way to tie the story to what was going on in the world.

May, a storyteller at last year's festival, says stories "help us connect. Storytelling breaks down walls between the real world and the imaginary world. The ordinary becomes magical, mystical. It also helps us break down walls between ourselves and other people. When you ask your family about their stories, you're breaking down the walls between them. Stories get us talking to each other.

"And stories break down walls we erect between experiences we've had and ourselves, things we don't want to look at. In sharing them, we reconnect with ourselves."

—Pat Copeland

BREAKING THE BARRIER

By Barbara Palmer

Photo by Steve Sisney

In a scratchy newsreel shot at the Army camp where the nation's first women military pilots were trained, rows of gunmetal planes wait on the runway, parked wing to wing and nose to tail. At a signal, dozens of women run to the planes. Revving the engines, they rise like a flock of rumbling birds into the colorless west Texas sky.

It was probably the most dangerous thing she did while flying during World War II, remembers Lela Harding, a spirited Oklahoma City woman and one of more than 1,000 women trained to fly military planes during the war. After 45 years, Harding is offhand and modest about the part she played in the war, eagerly ferrying and testing countless planes, some of them "tubs" that pushed her skills to the limit. But she marvels that she survived the newsreel. "It's a wonder nobody got killed."

It was a dramatic film, made to illustrate what was considered to be a dramatic move by the Army. In 1941, when the United States declared war on Japan, there weren't enough planes, there weren't enough troops, there wasn't enough of anything. A massive effort began to train pilots and some of them were women.





Before Pearl Harbor, American cosmetics magnate and pilot Jacqueline Cochran—a kind of early-day Mary Kay Ash with wings—had organized a group of 25 American female pilots to ferry planes for the British Royal Air Force. The next year, Nancy Harkness Love, a pilot and the wife of an Army Air Transport officer, proposed that a similar program begin here. By September 1942, the first class of pilots for the Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron began training in Texas.

The first women accepted into the program were pilots with a minimum of 200 hours flying time. As the need for pilots became more desperate, the requirements dropped to 100 flying hours, then 75, then 50 and finally to 35 hours, the number required for a pilot's license. At the same time, their duties increased, from ferrying planes to carrying troops across the country, serving as test pilots for planes after repairs and towing targets for artillery practice. By 1943, the pilots had flown virtually every military plane made, from "hot" fighter planes like P-51s to B-17 bombers, which one WASP described as "like driving a truck in the air." To reflect the change in their orders, the WAFs became the WASPs, the Women's Air Service Pilots.

In newsreels, magazine stories and even a Hollywood movie starring Loretta Young, the WASPs were idealized as models of femininity, efficiency and nobility.

Life magazine noted that the WASPs had to give up nail polish. And a 1943 *Air Force* magazine writer praised the pilots: "...their smooth white necks have been stuck way out..."

The leatherbound photograph album belonging to Delrose Sieber, a former WASP who lives in Oklahoma City, tells a different story.

In those snapshots, the pilots slump

From left, Ruth Jones, Lela Harding, Delrose Sieber, Ida Carter and Helen Holland at Tinker Air Force Base.

in their bomber jackets and baggy pants, their faces tired at the end of the day. The photos show ordinary young women, squinting into the sun. That the work they did was exhilarating, as well as necessary, often made them feel guilty, when they had the time to think.

"We loved to fly," says Sieber. "We were contributing to the war effort, but flying was a reward in itself."

By today's standards, the rewards offered to the WASPs look hard-won. The pilots paid their way to Avenger Field in Sweetwater, Texas, where they bought their own uniforms, except for a G.I.-issued "zoot suit." They had no rank, yet they took orders and followed the same training as their male counterparts in the Army Air Force. WASPs were subject to military discipline, including court-martials, but as civilians were excluded from military benefits like flight insurance. If they were killed in training or in action, as 38 were, their families paid for their bodies to be taken home. And though they lost their lives flying U.S. planes during wartime, their families were barred, officially anyway, from draping a U.S. flag over their caskets.

But to women pilots in the 1940s, including six of the 21 former WASPs, now living in Oklahoma, the program looked like a golden opportunity. "It was *absolutely heaven* to be able to get in an airplane to fly every day," says Harding.

Many pilots, like Betty Riddle from Wetumka, joined the program with the blessings of their families. Riddle's father, an airplane mechanic, had built an airplane from blueprints and later ran a family airstrip. Oklahoma City schoolteacher Ruth Jones wrote to her husband, who was stationed in the South Pacific, that she wanted to learn to fly so she could join the program. He wrote back, "Do whatever you think you're big enough to do."

Other pilots, though, first had to overcome objections from their families.

Delrose Sieber learned to fly in her spare hours from working at her family's Oklahoma City hotel. When the war began in Europe, Sieber joined the local Civil Air Patrol, but she still considered flying to be a hobby.

"A lady came to call and asked me to join the WASPs," remembers Sieber. "I said yes. My mother said no."

Lela Harding was studying piano at a Texas college when Franklin Roosevelt began the Civilian Air Pilot Training Program. Under the program, men and women learned to fly in classes with nine male students to one female.



COURTESY AIR SPACE MUSEUM

Helen Holland ferries a WW II fighter.

Women students were enrolled, not to give them the opportunity to fly, but to camouflage the true purpose of the program—to train pilots for the war.

Harding had been fascinated by airplanes since she was small, but her parents opposed her learning to fly. She borrowed \$35 from an uncle for ground school books and her older sister talked her parents into signing the necessary papers since Harding was not yet 21.

Her instructor was determined that the first student in the class to solo would be a woman. "He wanted to show what a good teacher he was that he could even teach a woman to fly." She soloed after six hours of training.

Ruth Craig Jones and Ida "Skip" Carter decided to learn to fly just so they could join the program. "It was a different time then," Jones says. "People wanted to serve their country."

Jones and Carter earned \$800 a year teaching gym in Oklahoma City. To

raise the \$1,350 for flying lessons, they sold coins they had collected.

Once they were in training in Texas, days began at 6 a.m. and ended at 10 p.m. Trainees were always either flying, in ground school or marching somewhere in inexpert formation.

"We never did get to be very good at marching," Sieber says.

Some male civilian flying instructors didn't think the women would ever make very good pilots, and were openly resentful. Students allegedly were "washed out" of the program because they refused the advances of instructors.

As some males struggled to fit the women pilots into their conception of what a soldier should be, the WASPs struggled to adjust to equipment designed for males. At the beginning of the program, the smallest flight suit issued was a size 44. Ruth Jones wore hers only after she created enormous pleats under her arms with a belt. Along with 40-pound parachutes, the pilots carried one or two or more cushions to sit on so they could see out over the sides of the airplanes. The seats, built to fit a man's frame, were only slightly adjustable.

Days were long and demanding, but sometimes, at the end of a training session or on a solo flight, the pilots got a chance to fly for the pure joy of it. Jones remembers flying to a farm where she looped around a red silo and watched while a farmer's wife tramped down the silage. Then she buzzed the cows grazing in the fields.

One day, coming back from a long flight, Harding detoured over the small Texas town where her parents lived to buzz Main Street. Her parents were not pleased. "They called me and said, 'If you can't keep that plane up in the air, don't fly it.'"

After graduation, Helen Turner Holland and Lela Harding ferried planes from an Arlington, Texas, factory to the East Coast or to Great Falls, Montana, where Soviet pilots picked them up. Carter and Jones went to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they gave in-

strument flight exams to pilots returning from tours of duty in Europe and the Pacific.

Harding later was sent to New Mexico, where she tested planes that had been patched up or had new engines installed. Because it was the first time the planes were airborne after repair, the job was somewhat risky, but Harding never thought about danger. "Heavens no, I just wanted to fly."

One of her favorite assignments was "slow-timing" new engines, a task which required her to fly for more than an hour at a time. For those flights, she headed for the Grand Canyon.

Delrose Sieber towed targets for pilots training for air-to-air battle. Sometimes, she says, the trainees missed.

But the real danger lay not in towing targets, but in piloting the planes. In early models, the B-26 had overly short wings for its powerful body. Sieber had watched while two pilots had "spun in" and fatally crashed.

By the time Sieber flew the B-26, it had been modified. "I was grateful just to fly it," she says.

In 1944, with pilots being trained all over the country, the federal government began to scale back. A bill to militarize the WASPs, making them a part of the Army Air Force, coincided with a decision to begin laying off male civilian flight instructors. After a bitter fight, the low point perhaps coming when one congressman asked whether the nation should allow its aircraft to be flown by "maids and housewives," the bill was defeated. The WASP program would be "deactivated."

On Dec. 20, 1944, the entire program was disbanded and the WASPs were simply let go. Ruth Jones, a squadron commander, remembers days spent frantically finishing up paperwork. Then it was over. "It was the saddest day."

After months of training and flying, it was difficult for the WASPs to adjust to civilian life. Helen Holland, who now lives in Norman, worked on a Red Cross ship as a recreation director. "My job was to keep 1,000 people

happy. I wanted to jump ship."

Jones and Carter found work at an airplane assembly plant on the west coast, building planes they had recently flown. When they returned to Oklahoma City to their teaching jobs, it took time for them to settle into the routine. Jones says, "I'd hear a plane, and I'd find myself standing at the window looking up at the sky."

At the war's end, Lela Harding flew Army surplus planes to commercial aircraft companies. When that ended, she looked for another flying job, without success. Although she preferred to take the controls, she took a job with American Airlines as a flight attendant.

won the fight for recognition. In 1977, the WASPs became World War II veterans with full benefits. In 1979, the Air Force recognized them, and in 1984, they were awarded Victory and American Theater medals.

"It was nice to get the medals and the benefits," says Sieber, "but the main thing was the recognition that we had contributed to the war effort."

"We've gotten more publicity in the last five years than all the other years combined," says Harding. Some people have even started to ask for their autographs.

One group that has never failed to recognize the WASPs are the women



Ida "Skip" Carter, left, and Ruth Jones were so anxious to become military pilots, they were already on their way to Texas before they got letters saying they had been accepted into the program.

With a surplus of male pilots after the war, the odds of a woman being hired as a pilot were slim. Of these former WASPs, only Betty Riddle worked continuously in aviation, teaching students in Illinois and Oklahoma to fly.

When the Air Force announced in the mid-1970s that the "first female military pilots" would be admitted to the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, the WASPs became organized again. "That kind of got to us," says Sieber. In the 1970s, "women were still the underdogs," but this time they

pilots flying in the the Air Force today.

"They come up to us and they go like this," says Skip Carter, patting her own arm. "They say, 'Because of what you did, we are getting to fly.'"

"I've always said," adds Ruth Jones, "it was worth giving up a coin collection."

"If they had turned us loose," says Lela Harding, "We would have changed the course of the world." ☐

Barbara Palmer is the assistant editor of Oklahoma TODAY.



Miss Alice

By Laura Bell



In a 1929 version of "This is Your Life," Miss Alice, seated in the center, posed with characters depicting her life. Before 1920, she began an Indian school for girls, served Muskogee as the first woman postmaster and ran a Red Cross canteen for World War I soldiers.

Alice Mary Robertson was a living paradox: Known as "Miss Alice," she fought hard against the women's vote yet ended up as Oklahoma's first and the nation's second congresswoman. Her presence in the House furthered the suffragette cause she did not believe in. And her eight distinct professions inspired women to go beyond the kitchen and into a world dominated by men. Miss Alice, a simple Oklahoma woman with simple attitudes, lived a colorful yet complex life.

Miss Alice was born at Tullahas-

see Mission School near Muskogee in 1854. She inherited her missionary zeal from both sides of her family and, though she was still a child herself, taught and worked at the mission school until the age of 9.

At the age of 17, Miss Alice experienced a cultural shock when she left the wild Indian country to attend Elmira College in New York. She then became a secretary in Washington, D.C., and raised money for Indian student scholarships. She came back to Indian Territory to establish and head the Minerva Home of the Presbyterian School for

Indian Girls in Muskogee, which later became Henry Kendall College and is now known as the University of Tulsa, and became the U.S. School Supervisor for Creek Schools.

From 1905 to 1913, President Theodore Roosevelt appointed Miss Alice to the postmastership at Muskogee, the first woman to receive such duty. Roosevelt had first heard of Miss Alice through his Indian soldiers during the Spanish-American War and later listened to one of her lectures. They were friends after that, and the former president pays

her tribute in his book *Rough Riders*.

When soldiers passed through Muskogee on their way to World War I training camps in Texas, Miss Alice met the trains with food and drink from her restaurant. She became head of the Red Cross Canteen service in Muskogee and acquired a reputation for her hot coffee and hospitality.

Next on her list of professions was politics. A.D. Cochran, a close friend and Okmulgee attorney, encouraged her to run against incumbent W.W. Hastings for the House of Representatives, Third District of Oklahoma, in the 1920 election. Miss Alice, then 66, said, "If a man had come to me with such perseverance, tact, diplomacy and patience and asked me to be his wife, I should not now be an old maid."

Miss Alice was an unusual candidate for Congress. Not only was she a staunch Republican in the middle of a strong Democratic area, she also was a declared opponent of woman suffrage. Miss Alice said of her views on the 19th Amendment: "The men have thrust the vote on us and now I am going to see whether they mean it." She explained further that she had always done a man's work, carried a man's burdens and paid a man's bills. She scoffed at the suffragette's argument that women being deprived of the vote was a case of taxation without representation. "The only woman in the United States who ever handled all her financial affairs without male assistance was Hetty Green, and she wasn't a woman—she was a freak."

One of her famous campaign tactics was the use of classified advertising. Since neither of the Muskogee papers supported her efforts, Miss Alice used advertising space purchased for her cafeteria. One ad read:

SAWOKLA CAFETERIA

Self service—no tips.

Gone to make a speech, but the eats have not been neglected.

The ads brought many new customers to her cafeteria where Miss Alice would make the rounds, table

to table, talking politics to the best of her ability.

Miss Alice's opponents tried to discredit her tactics, but she responded, saying, "Some say I won't get there, but I'm well pleased with the outlook. More are crowding my homely old bandwagon every day."

Miss Alice ran her campaign on a very straight and simple platform of "I am a Christian; I am an American; I am a Republican; I can not be bought; I can not be sold; I can not be intimidated." In the complex times of the Woodrow Wilson era, her slogans were just what the people wanted to hear.

As her slogan states, Miss Alice remained an adamant Republican. She stuck with party lines on almost every issue. Yet she remained naive concerning foreign politics. She said she was in favor of an association of nations such as presidential candidate Warren Harding advocated, yet she declared she would never be in favor of a league which included "idol worshippers among its members." She admitted her lack of understanding of international affairs but later, when in Congress, took determined stands on the issues of recognizing Russia and the Irish Republic.

Miss Alice received the majority of votes and became the first woman so honored by an Oklahoma congressional district and the second woman ever elected to membership in the U.S. House of Representatives.

From March 4, 1921, to March 3, 1923, Miss Alice was The Honorable Alice M. Robertson of the 67th Congress. Although she was greeted in Washington with much enthusiasm, her opposition didn't stop. An article in *Miss Columbia* said, "How do you suppose Miss Robertson reached the Congress of the United States? She *cooked* her way there. Startling but true."

Miss Alice received warm greetings from her Congressional peers, and also from President Harding himself. When the president attempted to remove thorns from a rose for Miss Alice, the *Muskogee*

Daily News quoted her as saying: "When a woman goes into politics, Mr. President, she must take the thorns with the roses." To which he said, "You will never have any thorns from my hands." He kept his promise.

Miss Alice was an unsuccessful candidate for re-election in 1922 to the 68th Congress.

But her political involvements were not over. She became a journalist, photographer, welfare worker and historian. She wrote a column, "Miss Alice Says," and served as a Washington correspondent for the *Muskogee Daily News* until the mid-1920s. In 1927, she wrote feature articles for the *Muskogee Phoenix* about her childhood in Indian Territory. In addition, Miss Alice owned and operated a photograph gallery in Muskogee.

President Harding appointed Miss Alice a welfare worker in the United States Veterans Hospital No. 90 at Muskogee in May 1923. Once again she became involved in the comfort and aid of sick soldiers. Later, Miss Alice was employed by the Oklahoma State Historical Society to compile data on Indian Territory.

Miss Alice remained active until her death on July 1, 1931, at the age of 77. She was given the Doctor of Law degree from the University of Tulsa, where she was a professor of history and literature and a translator of the Creek Indian language in the late 1890s.

Alice Mary Robertson epitomized both the Oklahoma frontier spirit and the restrictions it imposed on womanhood. Her indomitable spirit, however, allowed her to transcend the limitations of era and culture. She rose to positions of power on the strength of her fiery spirit. And in doing so, Miss Alice opened doors she would never have dreamed might someday exist. ☐

Laura Bell, a former feature writer at the University of Tulsa, is now editor of university communications at the University of Akron.



OKIE DECO

By Michael Wallis
Photos by David Halpern



In northeastern Oklahoma—a land of lakes, hardwood forests and lush quarter-horse ranches—there's an oasis of culture and commerce named Tulsa. Forget the stereotypes of tornadoes, dust and broken oil patch dreams. In truth, Tulsa is a thriving metropolis which combines the hospitality of the South and the charm of the Southwest with Eastern sophistication and Midwestern values.

In the late 1800s Tulsa grew from a Creek Indian settlement on the banks of the Arkansas River into a prairie town with dirt streets and false-front frame buildings. But shortly after the turn of the century, that all changed when oil was discovered in nearby Red Fork and Glenn Pool. The boom was on. Promoters championed Tulsa as the proper headquarters for oil captains to conduct financial business and establish their offices and homes. The lure of "black gold" brought oil men and their families to the "Oil Capital of the World."

The excitement of oil discoveries in the region quickly gave birth to a movement of community pride and spirit in Tulsa. Oil barons such as the Phillips brothers, Getty, Skelly, Cosden, Sinclair and others came to the area and left their marks. Shortly after World War I, as the "Roaring '20s" began, residents were filled with a sense of purpose which they committed to civic and cultural development. It was a time for elegance, mischief and magic. America was between wars and ready for something new. Flappers,

bootleggers and risk takers were *de rigueur*—especially in a city with as much moxie as Tulsa.

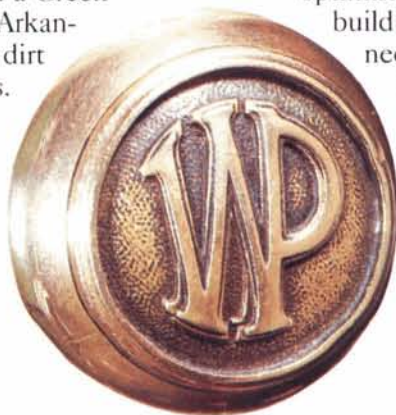
Tulsans prospered while Fred Astaire and F. Scott Fitzgerald led charmed lives and Cole Porter kept everyone in tune. Will Rogers held court in New York as the rest of the nation flocked to the movies to gaze at Swanson, Valentino and Garbo.

By the time the 1920s really started to roar, Tulsa was sure of its future, and nowhere was the city's optimism more apparent than in a downtown building boom. Tulsa's prosperity and the need to erect corporate palaces and grand homes coincided with the birth of a distinctive style of architecture and design that impacted not only the '20s but pervaded the Great Depression years and the New Deal before colliding head-on with World War II. It was a fresh, sassy and daring approach, and today it is fondly called Art Deco.

Art Deco's roots came from many sources. Influences ranged from the Latin and Mayan designs brought to light during the Mexican Revolution, to Egyptian motifs which became popular in the

1920s following the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb. These designs, and others, inspired the monumental bas-relief figures, stylized lightning bolts, fan patterns, polychrome terra cotta panels and geometric light fixtures found in many Art Deco structures.

But the true launching point for the Art Deco movement, which swept the nation and blessed Tulsa with an abundance of stunning architecture, can be



The Philcade building has such elegant effects as Waite Phillips' initialed doorknobs and (left) a marbled, gilded hallway.



The Boston Avenue Methodist Church's design reflects modern Christian thought: the upreaching finials imply confidence of divine grace.

traced to Paris and the 1925 "*Exposition Internationale de Arts Decoratifs et Industriels Modernes*." This key event, well-attended by American architects and craftsmen, was also covered extensively by the American press, who compared it to the initiation of the Italian Renaissance. Although the term "Art Deco" was not popularized until the late 1960s when there was a significant revival in the style, Art Deco's name and very existence is derived from this important exposition, where designers and architects were urged to submit entries that would help create a new and modern architectural style.

And nowhere were those striking Art Deco lines and curves more prevalent than in many of the buildings of Tulsa.

The city became a perfect setting for the new Deco form. Thriving during this period of opulence, experimentation and flamboyance, Tulsa attracted some of the nation's most talented architects, including Bruce Goff, Barry Byrne and Frank Lloyd Wright. In their commercial buildings, churches and residences, they left an Art Deco legacy that was never surpassed anywhere else in the nation, with the exceptions of New York and Miami Beach. For although many styles of architecture can be found in Tulsa, including Gothic and Tudor office buildings and homes as well as International Style steel-and-glass towers, it is Art Deco which remains the prevailing architectural theme.

Tulsa's Art Deco period—from approximately 1925 to 1942—is made up of three phases: Zigzag, PWA (for the New Deal's Public Works Administration) and Streamline. Each phase makes up a distinctive chapter in the city's architectural story and each is represented by fine examples which survive today.

ZIG ZAG MODERN



Zigzag, the first of the three styles, blossomed in Tulsa in the late 1920s. By that time, the optimism that came with the oil boom and the excitement of the Jazz Age was evident throughout downtown Tulsa where more than a million dollars a month was being spent on new construction. As one observer of the day put it: "Tulsans erected skyscrapers not so much because ground space was at a premium, but because they like to see them rise."

Often called "Skyscraper Style," because of the emphasis on soaring buildings, the colorful Zigzag Deco buildings called for a lot of ornamentation and intricate design made possible by using terra cotta (Latin for "burnt earth") as a sheathing material. Architects found terra cotta light and durable—perfect for the highly decorative highrises they wished to create. The use of terra cotta for the "modern" buildings of Tulsa became so popular during this period that Tulsa was dubbed "Terra cotta City."

By the start of the '30s, Tulsa boasted more skyscrapers—most of them Art Deco—than any other city of its size in the world. The skyline appeared to spring out of the prairie in what one writer described as "a rhapsody of terra cotta." Today, in several prominent downtown office towers, the carefully chiseled designs and patterns—zigzags, spirals and fronds incorporated in glazed and unglazed terra cotta, stone, tile, metal and glass—can still be appreciated.

The city's two major public utility firms—Oklahoma Natural Gas (ONG) and the Public Service Company of Oklahoma (PSO)—chose to invest in Tulsa's future and erected downtown buildings that are now used for commercial offices but remain prime examples of Zigzag Art Deco. When both of these conservative firms decided to turn to the flashy new Deco style, it was heralded as a major breakthrough for the modern architectural movement.

The 10-story **Oklahoma Natural Gas Building** (624 S. Boston Avenue), built in 1928 at a cost of \$600,000, was constructed of reinforced concrete, enclosed with buff tapestry brick and trimmed with tile and Indiana limestone.

The **Public Service Company Building** (600 S. Main Street), built a year later for \$425,000, was only five stories tall but was given a foundation stout enough to support another three floors. (Two more stories were added in 1961.) This building is also constructed of reinforced concrete, but instead of brick facing, the architect used buff Bedford stone. PSO has since forsaken the building and established its head-

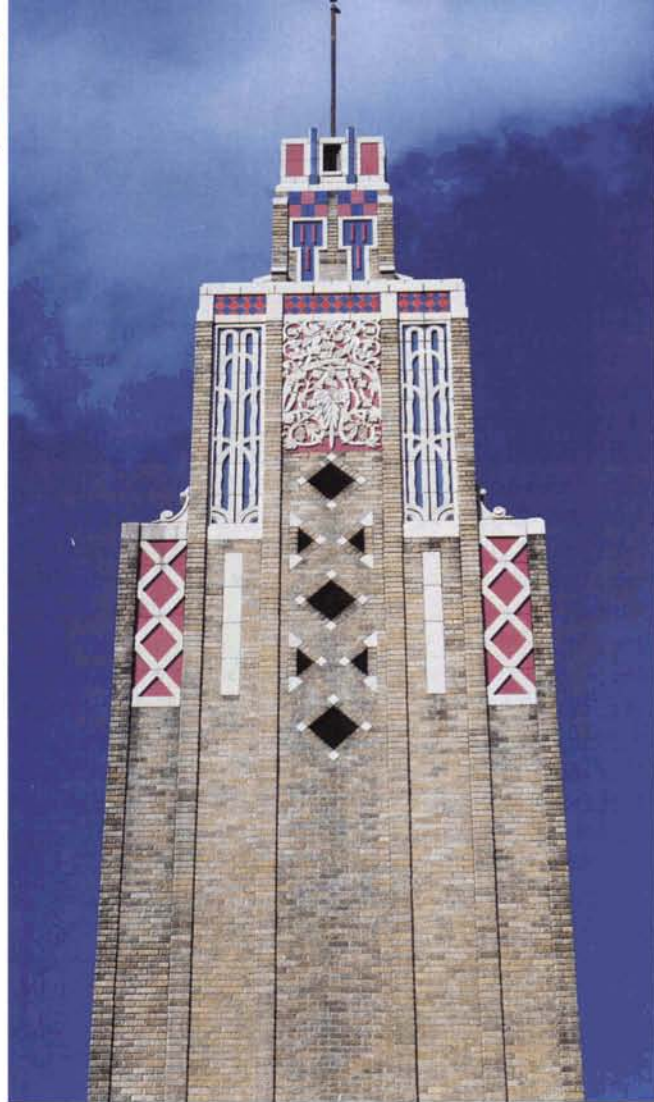
quarters in the renovated Central High School, several blocks away. But the original PSO building remains an active place of business and a popular stop on Art Deco tours.

A building that one architect claimed would have been "the crowning glory of early Art Deco in Tulsa" was a casualty of the times. The **Gillette-Tyrrell Building**, now named the **Pythian Building** (423 S. Boulder Avenue) was built in 1930 by a pair of local oil tycoons. Originally designed as a 13-story hotel, the Depression forced the owners to change their plans and to sell the building to the Knights of Pythias soon after the first three floors were completed.

The Pythian's facade—a mixture of multicolored terra cotta, marble and granite—is striking but the L-shaped lobby remains the most notable feature. With a floor design taken straight from Native American motifs, the lobby ingredients include "dancing zigzags" (diamond patterns repeated from the exterior), colorful tiles, custom iron railings, etched glass windows and classic Deco light fixtures.

The nine-story **Philcade** (511 S. Boston Avenue) was built by Waite Phillips, a quietly aggressive oil tycoon and brother of Frank Phillips, the founder of Phillips Petroleum Company. Completed in 1930, Philcade was constructed to complement the 24-story **Philtower** (called "Queen of the Tulsa Skyline"), another Waite Phillips office building of Gothic design with some Deco influences which was erected in 1927 on the opposite corner. Because of the tremendous family fortune, Phillips was able to ignore the Depression and leave behind some of the city's finest architectural treasures. Today Philtower, with its polychromed tile roof, is still a skyline landmark and Philcade remains a center of commercial activity.

In the Philcade, prime examples of Art Deco appear everywhere from the zigzag motifs in the light fixtures to the ornate grill work over the windows. With its ground floor arcade designed in the shape of a T for Tulsa, the Philcade is cherished by Deco lovers for its 11 custom-made bronze chandeliers with amber glass, marbled hallways and gold-leaf ceiling. The brick building is a favorite for those on walking tours who delight in spotting the reptiles, birds and mammals hidden in the stylized foliage above the windows. Only a few visitors are aware that an 80-foot tunnel, made of brick and arched to carry the load of the street above, connects the Philtower and Philcade. The tunnel was dug by miners imported to Tulsa by Phillips in order to provide for the transportation of supplies from one building to another. Also, Phillips was alarmed by the rash of kidnappings of wealthy oil men and he wished to be able to move secretly and in relative safety if he desired.



The multi-colored Warehouse Market tower still provides some of Tulsa's best examples of flashy polychrome terra cotta.

Security was never a problem at another prominent zigzag building—the **Warehouse Market** (925 S. Elgin Avenue), also known as The Farmer's Market or, simply, The Market. It was built in 1929 on the site of an athletic stadium where such sports greats as Babe Ruth, Red Grange and Jack Dempsey thrilled the crowds. The park had also served as a shelter for black families during the city's bloody 1921 race riot. Eight years later a developer transformed the park into a public market and erected the huge Deco building, designed by B. Gaylord Noftsger, an Oklahoma City architect. A tower with brilliant polychrome terra cotta ornaments acted as a beacon to attract people to the market. Two huge medallions on the building depict a goddess holding a sheaf of wheat and cornucopia and the other shows a god wearing a winged helmet with an oil derrick in one hand and a train engine in the other. The Depression closed the Market but a few years later it reopened as the Club Lido, where patrons danced to the music of Cab Calloway, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington and other touring performers. In 1938, it became the Warehouse Market and

operated as a grocery store until 1978. Since that time, the building has been used by several firms for groceries or general merchandise sales.

Every Art Deco tour of Tulsa has to include the city's two splendid Deco churches—Christ the King and Boston Avenue Methodist. Situated in the historic Swan Lake neighborhood, **Christ the King Church** (1530 S. Rockford Avenue) is a combination of Gothic and Byzantine architecture with ample Art Deco styling which includes the extensive use of terra cotta in the lofty church spires. Francis Barry Byrne, the prominent Chicago modernist known for his imaginative ecclesiastical buildings, a former apprentice of Frank Lloyd Wright and one of the few Prairie School architects who studied abroad, was commissioned to create the Christ the King. It was considered the first modern design church in Tulsa. Many critics declared the design innovative; some thought it was radical.

Nevertheless, the dominant Art Deco church in Tulsa remains the highly acclaimed **Boston Avenue Methodist Church** (1301 S. Boston Avenue), built in 1929 just blocks from the downtown Deco buildings which highlight the city skyline. When this \$1.5 million edifice, which features a 225-foot pleated tower and exterior terra cotta sculptures, was completed it marked the first time a church building departed from traditional styles of architecture and used contemporary symbolism and design. The church—an elegant Art Deco finger pointing toward heaven—is recognized as one of the most architecturally significant buildings in the world.

Bruce Goff, at the time a young apprentice, was given the nod to carry out the architectural planning

Gargoyles—along with fire-breathing dragons and lightning bolts—circle the roofline of the Tulsa Fire Alarm Building.



for this grand monument to the Art Deco movement. Goff's participation came courtesy of Adah Robinson, his former art teacher and a consultant to the church building committee. Although controversy surrounds the question of who actually designed the church, records clearly indicate Robinson was the true inspiration for the building and that Goff simply executed her designs.

Goff, who became Tulsa's premier architect, was a boy genius who had designed the mosaics on the side altars in Christ the King Church. His architectural career was launched when he was 11 years old and his father, weary of his son sitting in school drawing sketches of buildings, marched the youngster into the offices of Rush, Endacott & Rush and asked the architects to put the lad to work.

One of Goff's first design projects was the **Adah Robinson Residence** (1119 S. Owasso Avenue), a studio-house built for the noteworthy art teacher and designer. Robinson, a Quaker, was born in Richmond, Indiana, and attended the Chicago Art Institute and West End School of Art in Provincetown. She taught for several years in Oklahoma City and at the University of Oklahoma before moving to Tulsa to teach art at Central High School. Later "Miss Bobbie," as her friends called her, headed up the art department at Tulsa University and in 1945 she moved to San Antonio to become a professor of art at Trinity University. To this day the Robinson house remains a private residence and a Zigzag gem.

Besides the Robinson residence and the Boston Avenue Methodist Church, Goff was responsible for designing several other Zigzag buildings, including the **Tulsa Club** (115 E. 5th Street), 1927; **Guaranty Laundry** (2036 E. 11th Street), 1928; **Riverside Studio** (1381 Riverside Drive), 1929, and **Merchant's Exhibit Building** (Tulsa State Fairgrounds), 1930.

Beyond the array of Goff-designed buildings and the many splendid Zigzag structures located within easy walking distance of one another in the downtown area, a particularly fine example of this style is the highly acclaimed **Westhope** (3704 S. Birmingham Avenue), a Tulsa residence designed and built in 1929 by Frank Lloyd Wright. Idolized by Goff and many of the other outstanding architects of the period, Wright came to Tulsa to build the striking residence for his cousin, Richard Lloyd Jones, a local newspaper publisher. Although no longer owned by the Jones family, Westhope continues to attract the attention of passers-by, who seek a glimpse of this sprawling home built of concrete blocks, molded on the site, and of the vertically stacked windows which caused Wright himself to admit that "the damn thing is more beautiful than I ever expected."

NEW DEAL DECO



he solid PWA-style Art Deco buildings in Tulsa provided a logical transition between the Zigzag of the 1920s and the Streamline of the next decade. Most of Tulsa's PWA structures were government buildings or institutions of monumental size and dimension. Their bulk conveyed images of permanence and strength—reassuring signs for a nation dealing with economic collapse.

Sadly, some of the best examples of the PWA-style have been demolished, such as the original Tulsa Municipal Airport Administration Building. Only last year the Union Bus Depot, a PWA treasure built by Waite Phillips in 1935, was unceremoniously leveled to make way for a downtown church parking lot.

Fortunately, a few of the best PWA buildings have been saved. Several are still in use and others have been earmarked for restoration. The **Fairgrounds Pavilion** (Tulsa State Fairgrounds), built in 1932, as well as **Will Rogers High School** (3909 E. 5th Place) and **Daniel Webster High School** (1919 W. 40th Street)—both built in 1938—are superb studies in this genre.

One of the most prominent of the PWA buildings is the **Tulsa Fire Alarm Building** (1010 E. 8th Street), with its gargoyles and stylized fire-breathing dragons which adorn the roofline and embellish the blond brick exterior. Built in 1931, the building stood idle for several years but was recently purchased by members of Tulsa Firefighters Local 176, who plan to restore the building to its former glory and transform it into a firefighter museum and union office complex.

But the single best PWA symbol of hope for economic recovery during the bleak days of the Depression was the **Tulsa Union Depot** (3 S. Boston Avenue). Built in 1931, more than 60,000 people jammed the area for the opening of "Tulsa's important front door." Through the years, generations of Tulsans and tourists passed through the Depot, which at one time accommodated as many as 36 trains a day. But after almost four decades of service to the city, the massive depot, resplendent with its Deco sunbursts, chevrons and winged wheels, fell victim to the decline in rail travel. In 1967 the

great doors were closed and locked. For many years the station stood rotting in pigeon dung, a haven for winos and weeds.

All that changed in 1980 when the depot was purchased and two Tulsa-based firms—Urban Design Group and Manhattan Construction—were selected as the lead architects and contractors for the renovation of the forlorn structure. The results are magnificent. The Tulsa Union Depot is a recycled Art Deco office complex which serves as the headquarters for both Urban Design Group and Manhattan Construction, the firm which constructed the depot so many years before. At the reopening ceremonies in 1983, Barbara Baer Capitman, the "First Lady of Art Deco" and founder of the prestigious Miami Design Preservation League, declared: "The restored Tulsa Union Depot represents the most significant renovation of its kind in the United States."

PRAIRIE STREAMLINE



growing fascination with machines—especially the automobile—and the influence of transportation in general ignited the third Art Deco style: Streamline. With its curving lines representing speed, the Streamline movement offered Tulsans escape from the drudgeries of the Depression. Designs became more horizontal and simplified with circular windows and carved corners appearing as the principal building features.

The buff terra cotta panels surrounding the Fire Alarm Building are elaborate compositions inspired by a Mayan temple design created by the building's architect, Frederick Kershner.





John Duncan Forsyth designed this Streamline masterpiece in 1937.

Unlike the previous Deco styles, the Streamline elements were not created for behemoth buildings or public institutions but for the nation's emerging roadside architecture: small shops, movie theaters, sleek diners and curvy gas stations.

"Streamline" became almost a household word as Tulsans, proud that their city was perched on Route 66, grew enamored of fast cars and smooth lines.

Many of Tulsa's best Streamline gas stations, restaurants and movie theaters have been obliterated or destroyed, including the Will Rogers Theater, built in 1941 on 11th Street and torn down a couple of years ago to make room for yet another church parking lot. Some of the best Streamline buildings which remain are **People's State Bank** (2408 E. Admiral Boulevard), **City Veterinary Clinic** (3550 S. Peoria Avenue) and the **Tulsa Monument Company** (1735 E. 11th Street).

Although some Streamline houses, such as the irreplaceable John L. Shakely Residence, built at 7219 S. Evanston Avenue, have been destroyed by uncaring owners, there is still enough interest in the unusual style to insure a select company of Streamline homes will always remain in the city's substantial Deco inventory. In 1985, for example, the **John Duncan Forsyth Residence** (2827 S. Birmingham Place), a two-story, flat-roofed house built in 1937, was renovated and restored to its original glory.



Tulsa's Art Deco architectural treasures, both large and small, are a tribute to a fabulous era that lives on in more than 50 solid examples. The Deco of Tulsa, or "Okie Deco," as it's been called, is even more significant today since it has provided a revival of interest in the downtown area and is

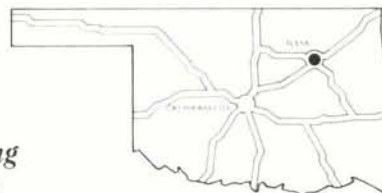
helping rejuvenate the city and keep the fires of commerce burning.

"Tulsa truly is a marvelous and unusual Art Deco city, and no one really realizes that outside of the area," says Barbara Baer Capitman. "I have seen some of the best—absolutely best—examples of Deco buildings anywhere within a few blocks of downtown Tulsa. It's all over the city!"

The city's renewed interest in Deco architecture and treasures prompted Wolf Von Eckardt, the well-known design and architecture critic, to describe Tulsa as having "the finest Art Deco buildings in the country. People here are discovering their Art Deco buildings and are treasuring them. That is very impressive. You can sense the pride, the love in the restorations."

A fitting tribute for a city with a legacy of architecture that endures. For although the history of Tulsa may be brief compared to other places, the city's Art Deco homes, office buildings and churches provide a rare and rich heritage. □

Michael Wallis is a Tulsa-based writer and the author of Oil Man, The Story of Frank Phillips and the Birth of Phillips Petroleum, which will be published in April by Doubleday. David Halpern, who also lives in Tulsa, is a nationally recognized photographer whose work appears in Tulsa Art Deco.



Getting There

While architects presented their modern façades to the world, designers were creating a zigzag Deco world inside, with skyscraper bookcases, lacquered desks and a brand new material—chrome. Their designs, studded with chevrons, leaping deer and sunburst motifs, vibrated with the energy and optimism of the Jazz Age.

"American Art Deco," a Smithsonian traveling exhibit appearing at Philbrook Art Museum from Feb. 7 to March 27, focuses on interior design and decorative arts from 1925 to World War II. The approximately 200 pieces of furniture, textiles, sculpture and ceramics include works of Art Deco luminaries such as Donald Deskey, who designed the interiors for Radio City Music Hall, and Kem Weber, whose sleek, streamlined furniture later set the pace for the "California moderne" style.

Accompanying the exhibit will be photographs of Tulsa Deco architecture by David Halpern and guest lectures. Museum hours are Tuesday to Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Sunday, 1 to 5 p.m. Tickets are \$3 for adults and \$1.50 for students and senior citizens. The museum is at 2727 S. Rockford Road, one block east of Peoria Avenue at 27th Place. (918) 749-7941.

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In a self-portrait, Larry D. Brown sits in a blind he built to photograph prairie chickens. He fashioned the frame with plumbing pipe, and the covering has one-way camouflage windows and closable slits for lenses.

BIG FRAME HUNTERS

By Covey Bean



Great wildlife photographs are not made, they are created, painstakingly shaped by rare individuals whose talent is no less formidable than those whose work is worshipped as art.

We're not talking snapshots here; we're talking color, composition and content, the eye-pleasing elements that separate the pictures produced by amateur shutterbugs from the photographs that often appear within the covers of magazines like *Oklahoma TODAY* and *Outdoor Oklahoma*.

Oklahoma is home to more than a few excellent photographers who specialize in wildlife. With lens and shutter, they pursue birds and animals with all the zeal of a dedicated hunter. They are intent on capturing an image that will endure long after the hunter's trophy has been consigned to the dust of the attic.

"For me, photography has replaced hunting," reflects Larry D. Brown, 32, an employee of the State of Oklahoma who lives in Woodward. "I used to hunt, but I don't any more. Photography satisfies the instinct. Now I hunt with a camera instead of a gun, and there's no closed season."

Brown is as apt to be photographing a ladybug in a garden as a big buck on a mountaintop.

"I would say I'm a journalist," he says. "I photograph all types of nature subjects, animals, insects, wildflowers, natural landscapes—scenes where there's no sign of the hand of man in the picture."

A wildlife photographer since 1968, Brown says his development was as natural as the world he captures on film.

"I was interested in photography and I was interested in nature," he says. "I kind of put the two together. It was a natural combination."

His file of 1,200 to 1,500 slides includes an impressive collection of insect photos accumulated the hard way.

"A lot of people capture insects and photograph them inside in a studio," he says. "I don't do it that way. My insect pictures are completely natural. For that reason, I probably don't produce as many, but I enjoy doing it more. It's very difficult with insects that move a lot, like a butterfly. I shoot a lot of out-of-focus pictures."

Harvey Payne, 40, a Pawhuska lawyer, took up wildlife photography for enjoyment in 1973, but has found himself becoming more and more serious about what originally was a compelling hobby.

"I was raised in the country and I've always been fascinated by wildlife," Payne says. Indeed, he still lives in the country, and many of his best shots come from his own backyard. On the other hand, last summer he traveled all the way to Alaska to photograph birds and animals of the north.

"I found myself among 41 Dall sheep on a mountaintop," he recalls. "They suddenly leaped up and started running. The first thing you think about in a situation like that is a grizzly bear. When you're that close to animals, you feel what they feel. You find out what it's like to be the prey."

Because he lives in Osage County, home of the state's largest prairie chicken population, Payne has amassed a huge collection of fascinating photos of these unusual inhabitants of Oklahoma's grasslands.

"I get out there in the morning well before daylight," he says. "I get my blind set up and all my gear ready. They'll start flying in just at the crack of dawn. I wait for sunlight and hope the sky isn't cloudy. It's rare that I don't take a picture, but getting that exact combination of lighting and background is difficult. I've spent hours in a blind with birds all around me. Prairie chickens get so close I can't shoot them with a telephoto lens. I've had meadow larks actually land on my blind."

"I edit carefully," says Payne, who estimates he has 5,000 photos on file. "I may shoot a roll of 36 photos and throw them all away. If they are not exact, they get tossed."

Jim Garrison, 34, of Norman, is a prolific wildlife photographer. He has to be. He is a freelance photographer earning a living with his camera.

"It's going slow," he says, "but I see more potential in it than anything else. I'll never get rich, but I can still hike and hunt and be outdoors and I don't have to wear a tie. If I'm just going to barely get by, I'm going to barely get by doing something I enjoy."

Garrison photographs outdoor sub-

jects for publication, but a large part of his enterprise also involves selling framed color pictures as decorative works of art. His photos have been featured at shows in New York, Colorado and Arizona as well as Oklahoma.

"I still haven't made it," he says, "but I'm going to."

To that end, Garrison travels to some of the most beautiful places in the West, photographing the scenic splendor that attracts the buyer's eye.

"I drive a lot," he says. "I've just returned from Colorado where I spent a week shooting the aspens in fall. Now I'm heading for Big Bend National Park in Texas where I'm going to photograph whatever's there. I cover some ground."

Garrison, formerly an electrical contractor, is looking for scenes people appreciate enough to purchase. A framed 16-by-20-inch Garrison photo of an outdoor setting sells for \$120.

"I enjoy wildlife more than scenery," says Garrison, who has amassed 5,000 wildlife and 2,000 landscape photos, "but it's a matter of economics. I specialize in the outdoors. Ninety-nine percent of what I do is in a natural setting."

He gets a lot of his photos in wildlife refuges where animals are less likely to flee at the sight of a human.

"Mainly I drive the roads," he says. "There's a lot of wildlife in Big Bend. Maybe if I'm lucky I'll see a mountain lion. You make your own luck by being there, but animals are just like people. They move; they stick their tongues out. A lot depends on luck, but you've still got to get the photograph."

Figuring two cameras are better than one, brothers Dave and Kent Vinyard abandoned a tractor and equipment business two years ago and decided to join forces in a new career as professional photographers.

"Two years later, we're starving," laughs Dave, 39, of Mustang, "but we're enjoying it, and we're making progress. Dave and Kent, 44, of Oklahoma City, have accumulated 5,000 to

6,000 marketable photos and at any one time they have 1,000 in the hands of editors.

"We shoot about half game species and half non-game species," says Dave. "We work together as much as we can, but it gets crowded in a blind."

Building natural blinds where birds and animals are apt to be is a common tactic of outdoor photographers. They simply sit there until something worthy of a photo shows up.

"We don't just position a blind in the middle of nowhere and hope something comes by," says Dave. "There's method to our madness. We spend as much as 50 percent of our time looking for a place to locate our blind, 45 percent waiting for something to happen and 5 percent actually taking photographs. Mostly it's madness, but we look for food, shelter and water. Where those things are, wildlife is going to be."

He has occupied blinds dug in the ground or perched in trees and sometimes works from a portable canvas structure that blends in with the surroundings. "We've sat in blinds at zero degrees on the low end," Dave says. "Once, when I was trying to photograph a wren in summer, I noticed it seemed awfully hot. The next day I took along a thermometer and it was bumping 130 degrees."

Like most wildlife photographers, they do a lot of their work in wildlife refuges. They have been on photo missions to such places as Yellowstone National Park, but one of their favorites is Salt Plains Wildlife Refuge in north central Oklahoma.

"We both have a love of the outdoors and a love of wildlife," Dave Vinyard says. "Photography is a business, but getting out of the mainstream, the rush, the hassle of society and into the outdoors makes it all worthwhile."

☐

Covey Bean is the outdoor editor for The Daily Oklahoman.

Portfolio

"Slow down. Wait for the animals to come to you," counsels Neil Garrison, a naturalist for eight years at Martin Park Nature Center in Oklahoma City. "It helps if you wear clothing that blends into nature. Sit with your back against a tree and wait. Don't move and don't talk. Soon all the things that were hiding from you will come back out."

After years spent blending into the background, Garrison has come to know the rhythm of life in the woods. "Animals wake up real early and they wake up hungry. By the time most people get around to watching for them, they're taking a siesta. It's a lot easier to see them when they're running around than when they're asleep in a tree."

"When it gets right down to it, animals are not that much different than people. They like to be out in good weather, but they don't like bad weather either. Their feathers freeze."



Harvey Payne
Barred Owl, Osage County

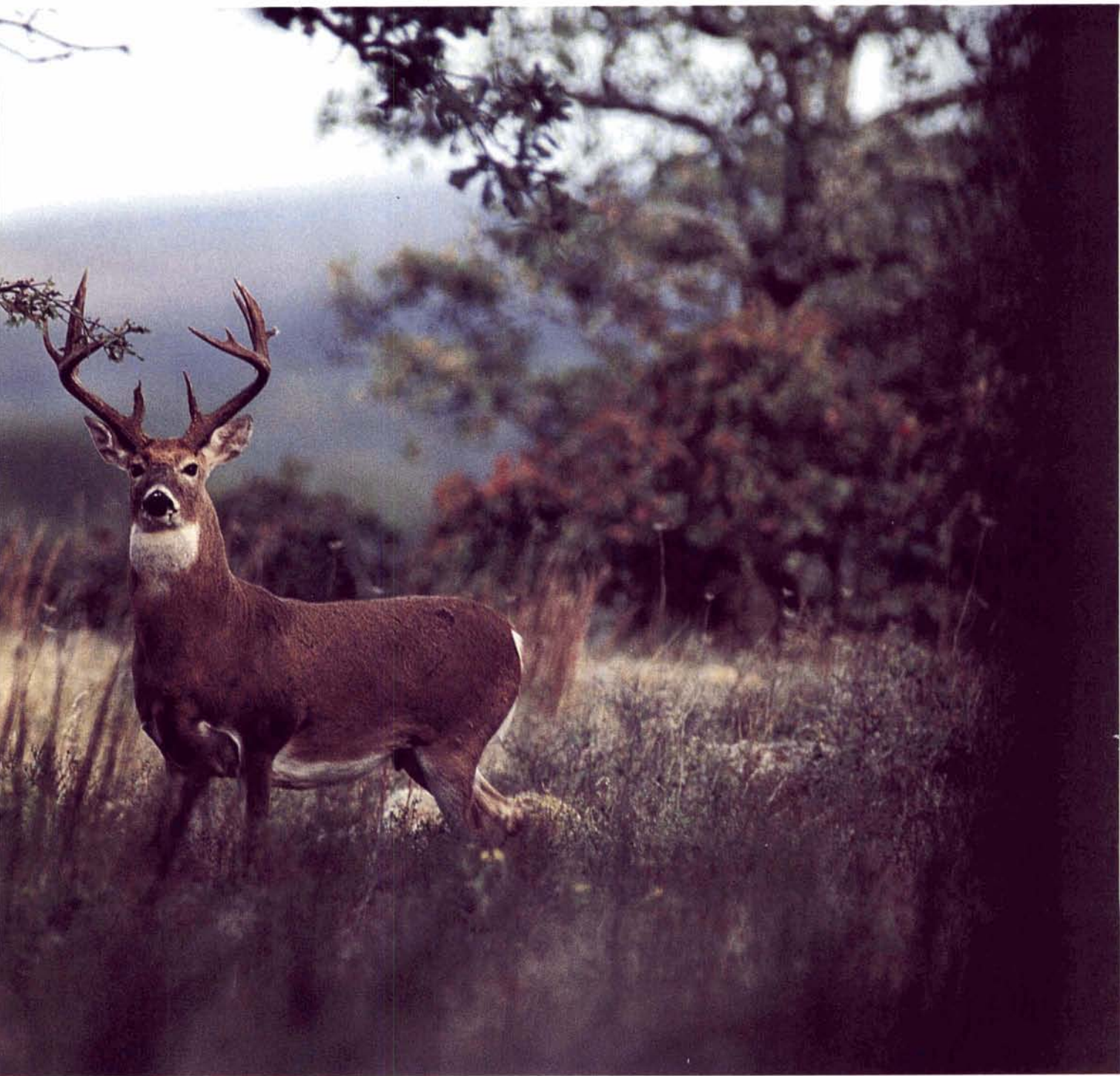
RIGHT: Vinyard Brothers Photography
Buffalo, Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge





Larry D. Brown
Bull elk, Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge





*Vinyard Brothers Photography
White-tailed deer,
Wichita Mountains Wildlife Refuge*





Harvey Payne
A pair of Cedar Waxwings, Osage County



Larry D. Brown
*Canadian geese and snow geese,
Washita Wildlife Refuge*



THE LITTLEST SCHOOL

By Burnis Argo
Photos by Jim Argo

The one-room schoolhouse. It has been described in prose and poetry, illustrated in sketches and paintings and mentioned in songs. The small red, but more often white, building is a standard part of the scenery in television and motion picture scripts portraying days gone by.

In the family atmosphere, the older children tend to their younger schoolmates.

Indeed "gone by" is what many people think has already happened to these small seats of learning. The truth is, as late as 1984 a Texas researcher found there were still 837 public one-teacher schools operating in the United States. Although this figure shows a considerable drop from the 200,000 one-room schools in 1900 (nearly 7,000 of them in Oklahoma), it still surprises many people that there are any one-room schools left at all.

Oklahoma doesn't have any "one-room, one teacher" schools, but it does have a handful of public schools with fewer than 35 students in kindergarten through the sixth grade. One of these is Union School, District 61, in Kay County, which, established in 1894, is one of the oldest continuously operating small districts in the state. The white frame building with five rooms and a gym stands near I-35 and between Blackwell and Tonkawa.

Union School has three full-time teachers, a half-day kindergarten teacher, a teachers' aide, a combination bus driver/custodian and 32 pupils. Most of the student body rides the same school bus, which has been modified to accommodate the one student who is in a wheelchair.

One of the first things a visitor to Union School notices is how well behaved the children are both inside the school and on the playground. This doesn't surprise Linda Hula, who is in her second year of teaching at Union and is a former teacher for the Lawton Public Schools.

"I don't feel we have the discipline problems here you often see in larger schools because we have such a close relationship between the students, teachers and parents," says Hula, who teaches six third- and six fourth-graders. "I really enjoy the small school environment."

Inside, Union School looks much like any of its larger counterparts. There are hooks for bookbags, shelves filled with library books, encyclopedias and maps on display for quick reference and bright-colored cut-outs deco-

rating the doors and walls.

Christy Cochenour, a first-year teacher, has made part of her classroom into a cozy reading corner walled off with low bookshelves and furnished with a carpet and a bean-bag chair for her seven students, six in first, one in second grade.

Cochenour, too, mentions the way the parents and teachers work together "as a unit to provide the best education for the children. You can do this in a small school."

The lunchroom at Union School is like the kitchen in any busy home, visited by everyone sometime during the day. It's the first stop for the teachers when they arrive in the morning.

"They taught me how to make cof-



Union alumni fare well academically in high school and college, says teacher Gayle Kuchera.

fee before they taught me how to use the duplicating machine," jokes Cochenour.

The tables are lined with the lunches the students brought from home, and after morning recess Connie Spoon and her kindergarten class go in for cookies and juice.

"I mentioned to the mothers that it would be appreciated if they could send a few cookies up for us to have on hand and they each sent a big bag full.

Fortunately we have a freezer," says Spoon as she poured juice and explained to her trio that in spite of the pile of cookies, two each were all they should have so close to lunch.

Spoon has taught at Union for five years and enjoys the small classes.

"We are able to do so much for the children on an individual basis," she says. "If a student is working below average or is having a problem in some area, we know it right away because we get immediate feedback."

From 1958 until this school year, Union had a hot lunch program for the students. Two of the favorites, still remembered and missed, are the cinnamon rolls and hamburgers.

"As school funding is cut, difficult decisions have to be made and we gave up the hot lunch this year so we could keep the school bus," says Gayle Kuchera, school principal and teacher for the six fifth- and four sixth-grade students.

The teachers stress the same rules that apply in larger schools—raise your hand to talk, wait your turn, line up. After leaving Union the students will be going to school in Tonkawa or Blackwell so they need to know how they will be expected to behave.

The school has a Christmas program and a spring program where all the students have a speaking part of some kind. The school has a piano so the students are taught music.

"We also have kindergarten and sixth grade graduation just as the larger schools do," says Kuchera. "And we have organized sports. We all get to play basketball and the first, second and third grades play kick ball and the fourth, fifth and sixth grades play softball.

"Since we are a small group there is lots of interaction between the students of all ages," she adds. "They look out for each other and we stress this. I believe it helps them develop responsibility."

Out on the playground in the jump rope line, a sixth grade girl is cautioned to be careful. A kindergarten boy only



Connie Spoon teaches three kindergartners, Union's smallest class. The school boasts one statistic other public schools would envy—an average student-teacher ratio of eight to one.

as high as her waist is standing behind her. "Oh, I know he's there," she says, turning and giving him a pat.

Union School is currently in its third building at its second site. The school was first located one mile west and 3/4-mile north. The original building was constructed in the spring of 1894 after the run opened the Cherokee Strip to settlement Sept. 16, 1893.

Just down the road from the present Union School lives Gladys Glenn, who went to the first school house as did her brother and her late husband. Glenn, the former Gladys Gummow, taught school during the 1917-18 school term.

"Our house was actually directly across the road from where the school now stands, but of course then the school wasn't here," says Glenn. "I drove my folks' horse and buggy the year I taught and I had to get there in time to build a fire before school started. I had 13 students in eight grades."

For her work she was paid \$65 a month. Not much by today's standards but better than the \$20 a month the first teacher received for instructing the 42 boys and two girls in her class.

A larger building was constructed in 1926 and both it and the first school building can still be found in the area, one being used as a storage building and the other as part of a house. The school was relocated to its present site in 1950.

Four generations of Glenn's family have attended Union School, including her children, five grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren, three of whom are currently students.

Both Glenn and Irma Summers, whose family has attended Union for three generations, have been collecting information and pictures relating to the school while there are still people around who remember the early days.

The students, former students, teachers and parents are all aware

Union School is nearing its 100th anniversary, and they hope it will still be open then.

"Friends sometimes ask me why I stay at this school," says Kuchera. "I suppose having gone to a one-room school myself I have a special feeling about small schools. It would be wonderful if we could still be here for our centennial. Maybe, somehow, we will be. I hope so."

Burnis and Jim Argo are regular contributors to Oklahoma TODAY.

The one-room school, with a communal bucket of drinking water in the corner and a pot-bellied stove stoked with wood chopped by the oldest students, once was a fixture of rural life. Wayne Ward, curator of Guthrie's Oklahoma Territorial Museum, counted nearly 80 one-room schools on a turn-of-the-century Logan County map. Though many have been abandoned or lost to fires, state museums and county historical societies have preserved and restored some examples of one-room schoolhouses.

In Elk City, the Old Town Museum, a schoolhouse rebuilt with the stones from a Rock Bluff schoolhouse, holds a pot-bellied stove, desks with inkwells and a piano. The museum—open Tuesday to Saturday, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m.—is located at the junction of Pioneer Road and U.S. 66. (405) 225-2207.

In Frederick, a one-room school has become the Tillman County Historical Society and displays Indian relics, old maps and artifacts from early-day schools, homes and churches. Hours are Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday from 2 to 4 p.m. The museum is at 201 N. 9th Street, (405) 335-5844.

Two other restored one-room schoolhouses open to the public are: Cherokee Strip Museum, Perry, open Tuesday to Friday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., and Saturday and Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m., east of I-35 on Fir Street, (405) 336-2405; and at the Chisholm Trail Museum, Kingfisher, open November to April, Wednesday to Saturday, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., 605 Zellars Avenue. (405) 375-5176.

ENTERTAINMENT

Calendar

PRIME TIMES

◆ **Jan. 3, 10, 17** Celebrate the new year by learning the old art of muzzle-loading at J.M. Davis Gun Museum in Claremore. ◆ **Jan. 6** Feel the heat when hundreds of Christmas trees blaze at the Twelfth Night Ceremony in Tulsa's Johnson Park. ◆ **Jan. 19-24** Wash away winter with a chorus of sailors and a tropical romance when the Performing Arts Center Trust in Tulsa stages the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, "South Pacific." ◆ **Feb. 1 to March 31** A century's worth of saddle leather goes on display in the "The Cowboy's Workbench: American Stock Saddles 1870-1970" at the Nat'l Cowboy Hall of Fame in OKC. ◆ **Feb. 6** Take a trip to chocolate heaven at an art show and sale that delights the taste buds as well as the eye: the Chocolate Festival at the Firehouse Art Center in Norman. ◆ **Feb 24** Launch a ping-pong ball or race a vehicle that guzzles rubber band power at the Omniplex Engineering Fair in OKC. Schoolchildren from all over the state supply the energy and imagination. ◆ **Feb. 26-27** At a town variety show in Frederick, local talent shines in the renewed grandeur of the historic Ramona Theatre.



MUSEUMS & GALLERIES

JANUARY

- 1-31 "Ten Years of Small Works," Goddard Center, Ardmore, (405) 226-0909
- 1-31 Comanche Descendant Show, Galleria, Norman, (405) 329-1225
- 1-25 Dori Jalazo and J. Don Cook, paintings and sculpture, Kirkpatrick Center, OKC, (405) 427-5461
- 1-11 "Buckaroo," Nat'l Cowboy Hall of Fame, OKC (405) 478-2250
- 1-Feb. 3 "Masterpieces of the American West: Selections from the Ansheutz Collection," Oklahoma Art Center, OKC, (405) 946-4477

- 1-Feb. 29 "Roger Camp: At the Beach," Int'l Photo Hall of Fame, OKC, (405) 424-4055
- 1-March 10 "With Stitches So Fine: Quilts and Coverlets," Museum of the Great Plains, Lawton, (405) 353-5675
- 1-March 13 "Recent Acquisitions," Fenster Museum of Jewish Art, Tulsa, (918) 582-3732
- 7-31 Paintings by John Brandenburg, Classen Art Center, OKC, (405) 843-3441
- 8-Feb. 7 "American Art in Miniature," Gilcrease Museum, Tulsa, (918) 582-3122
- 10-Feb. 10 "Buckskin Dresses," Southern Plains Indian Museum, Anadarko, (405) 247-6221
- 11- Feb. 3 Drawings by Christopher Johns, Printmaking by Patricia McPherson, Gardiner Gallery, OSU, Stillwater, (405) 624-6016
- 19-21 OK Gem and Mineral Society Exhibit, Omniplex, OKC, (405) 424-5564

- 19-March 9 Printmaking by Warrington Colescott, Mabec-Gerrr Museum, Shawnee, (405) 273-9999
- 23-Feb. 28 "Francesco Clemente: The Departure of the Argonaut," OU Museum of Art, Norman, (405) 325-3272
- 23-Feb. 28 "Drawing My People," OU Museum of Art, Norman, (405) 325-3272
- 23-April 13 "In Context: Georgia O'Keeffe," OU Museum of Art, Norman, (405) 325-3272

FEBRUARY

- 1-25 "Images of America," Ansel Adams Photo Exhibit, Goddard Center, Ardmore, (405) 226-0909
- 1-Feb. 29 "Victor Hugo and Photography," Int'l Photo Hall of Fame, OKC, (405) 424-4055
- 7-March 27 "American Art Deco," Philbrook Museum of Art, Tulsa, (918) 749-7941
- 1-March 30 "Wayne Fleming: Landscapes of America," Int'l Photo Hall of Fame, OKC, (405) 424-4055
- 1-May 30 "The Cowboy's Workbench: American Stock Saddles 1870-1970," Nat'l Cowboy Hall of Fame, OKC, (405) 478-2250
- 1-19 Indian Women Exhibition, Galleria, Norman, (405) 329-1225
- 4-28 "Conceptual Word Exhibit," Robin Schultz, Classen Art Center, OKC, (405) 843-3441
- 12-April 24 California Impressionism, Gilcrease Museum, Tulsa, (918) 582-3122
- 14-March 16 Art Glass, Southern Plains Indian Museum, Anadarko, (405) 247-6221



DRAMA



JANUARY

- 8-10, 15-16 "The Nerd," Ponca Playhouse, Ponca City, (405) 765-5360
- 12-17 "South Pacific," Civic Center, OKC, (405) 948-6800
- 14-16, 21-24, "Best Little Whorehouse in Texas," Carpenter Square Theatre, OKC, (405) 232-6500
- 15-30 "a coupla" white chicks sitting around talking," American Theatre Co., Tulsa, (918) 747-9494
- 15-16, 21-23, "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," 89er Playhouse, Norman, (405) 325-3490
- 19-24 "South Pacific," Performing Arts Center, Tulsa, (918) 592-7111
- 21-24, 26-30 "Jacques Brel," Lawton Community Theater, Lawton, (405) 355-1600
- 16-18, 22-24, "Encore Manor," Muskogee Little Theatre, Muskogee, (918) 683-5332
- 26-March 12 "All My Sons," American Theatre Co., Tulsa, (918) 747-9494
- 27-Feb. 14 "The Littlest Mermaid," OKCCC, OKC, (405) 682-7588
- 28-31 "No Exit," Black Liberated Arts Center, Inc., OKC, (405) 528-4666
- 29-30, Feb. 4-6 "Torch Song Trilogy," Actor's Theatre, Tulsa, (918) 749-6488
- 29-30, Feb. 5-6, "Talley's Folly," Enid Community Theatre, (405) 234-2307

FEBRUARY

- 4-6, 10-13 "West Side Story," Shawnee Little Theatre, Shawnee, (405) 275-2805

- 5-14 "Noises Off," Theatre Tulsa, (918) 744-1168
- 5-7, 11-14, 18-21, "Mornings At Seven," Pollard Theater, Guthrie, (405) 282-1947
- 11-14 "Pygmalion," Tulsa Alliance for Classic Theatre, Tulsa, (918) 582-8542
- 15-21 "My Fair Lady," Ardmore Little Theatre, Ardmore, (405) 223-1327
- 17-20 "The 1940s Radio Hour," University Playhouse, NSU, Tahlequah, (918) 456-5511
- 18, 20 "Arsenic and Old Lace," Woodward Arts Theatre, Woodward, (405) 256-7120
- 18-20, 20-25, "Damn Yankees," Cabaret Supper Theatre, Fort March 10-12 Sill, (405) 351-4519
- 19-21, 24-27 "Kismet," Rupel Jones Theater, Norman, (405) 325-4021
- 19-28 "Working," Broken Arrow Community Playhouse, (918) 258-0077
- 20-23 "A Midsummer's Night Dream," ECU Theatre, Ada, (405) 332-8000
- 24-27 "Rashomon," Dinner Theater, Rose State College, MWC, (405) 733-7389
- 25-28 "The Heiress," OCU, OKC, (405) 521-5124
- 25-March 5 "On the Verge," TU, Tulsa, (918) 592-6000
- 25-March 13 "You Can't Take it With You," Jewel Box Theatre, OKC, (405) 521-1786
- 25-28, March 3-5 "Sound of Music," Southwest Playhouse, Clinton, (405) 323-4448
- 25-28, March 3-6 "Guys and Dolls," Cameron Univ., Lawton, (405) 581-2428
- 26-March 12 "All My Sons," American Theater Co., Tulsa, (918) 747-9494



FAIRS & FESTIVALS

JANUARY

- 14-16 Winter Bluegrass Festival, Western Hills Guest Ranch, Wagoner, (918) 772-2998
- 29-30 "Wintertales," Storytelling Festival, Leadership Square, OKC (405) 236-1426

FEBRUARY

- 6 Chocolate Festival, Firehouse Art Center, Norman, (405) 329-4523
- 24 Engineering Fair, Omniplex, OKC, (405) 424-5564



MUSIC/DANCE

JANUARY

- 8-9 OK Symphony Pops Concert with the Billy Taylor Trio, Civic Center, OKC, (405) 236-8742
- 14 Tulsa Philharmonic Classics Concert with Roberta Peters, PAC, (918) 584-2533
- 19 OK Symphony Orchestra Masterworks with Itzhak Perlman, Civic Center, OKC, (405) 236-8742
- 22 "Scartaglen," Performing Arts Center, Tulsa, (918) 592-7111
- 22-23 OK Symphony Orchestra Pops Concert with Ray Charles, Civic Center, OKC, (405) 236-8742
- 28 Amsterdam Guitar Trio, Seretean Center, OSU, Stillwater, (405) 624-6133

ENTERTAINMENT CALENDAR

- 30 Lawton Philharmonic with Alois Hochstrasser, McMahon Auditorium, Lawton, (405) 248-2001
 30 Tulsa Philharmonic Pops concert with Dizzy Gillespie, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa, (918) 592-7111

FEBRUARY

- 1 "Amadeus," Texas Opera Theatre, NSU Fine Arts Auditorium, Tahlequah, (918) 456-5511
 2 Texas Opera, Seretean Center, OSU, Stillwater, (405) 624-6133
 4 St. Olaf College Band, Seretean Center, OSU, Stillwater (405) 624-6133
 5-6 OK Symphony Orchestra Pops Concert with Crystal Gayle, Civic Center, OKC, (405) 236-8742
 6-7 "La Sylphide," Tulsa Ballet Theatre, Chapman Music Hall, Tulsa, (918) 585-2573
 6-7 Children's Show, Prairie Dance Theatre, Civic Center, OKC, (405) 478-4132
 10,16 Children's Show, Prairie Dance Theatre, Kirkpatrick Center, (918) 478-4132
 11 Tulsa Philharmonic Classics Concert with Anton Nel, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa, (918) 584-2533
 12 Falderal String Band, Ponca Playhouse, Ponca City, (405) 765-5360
 12 Oklahoma Sinfonia with the Lettermen, Brady Theater, Tulsa, (918) 585-3100
 12-14 "La Traviata," OK Opera and Music Theatre Co., OCU, OKC, (405) 521-5227
 13-14 Haydn Trio, Concerttime, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa, (918) 742-4087
 12-13 Repertory II, Ballet Oklahoma, Civic Center, OKC, (405) 848-8637
 12-14 "La Traviata," OCU, OKC, (405) 521-5227
 14 Preservation Hall, Jazz Series, Performing Arts Center, Tulsa, (918) 592-7111
 14 Eric Fried, violin recital, Seretean Center, OSU, Stillwater, (405) 624-6133
 16 Masterworks Series, OK Symphony Orchestra, Civic Center, OKC, (405) 236-8742
 18 OSU Wind Ensemble Concert, Seretean Center, OSU, Stillwater, (405) 624-6133
 19 "Fifth of Schola," Ada Arts and Heritage Center, Ada, (405) 332-7302
 19-20 OK Symphony Pops Concert with Maureen McGovern, Civic Center, OKC, (405) 236-8742
 20 "The Barber of Seville," New York City Opera, Scottish Rite Masonic Temple, Guthrie, (405) 282-7242
 20-21 City Moves '88, Bishop McGuinness H.S., OKC, (405) 236-1426
 27-28 "Julius Caesar," Cimarron Circuit Opera Co., Norman, (405) 364-8962
 28 OK Symphony Orchestra Ovation Series, Putnam City H.S., OKC, (405) 236-8742

FEBRUARY

- 25-27 Lazy E Jackpot, Lazy E Arena, Guthrie, (405) 282-3004



SPECIAL EVENTS

JANUARY

- 2-3 Racers' Car Auction and Show, Expo Square, Tulsa, (918) 744-1113
 2-4, 15-17, 29-31, Eagle Watch, Quartz Mountain State Park, (405) 563-2238
 Feb. 11-13
 8-10, 22-24, Eagle Watch, Sequoyah State Park, (918) 772-2046
 Feb. 5-7
 3,10,17 Muzzle-Loading Workshop, J.M. Davis Gun Museum, Claremore, 1-800-722-9737
 5-9 Shrine Classic Basketball Tournament, Civic Center, Muskogee, (918) 682-9131
 6 Twelfth Night Ceremony, Johnson Park, Tulsa, 1-800-722-9737
 9 New Year's Pow Wow, Fairgrounds, OKC, (405) 787-3959
 9-10 Country Flea Market, Fairgrounds, OKC, (405) 948-6700
 15-17 Int'l Antique Show, Expo Square, Tulsa, 1-800-722-9737
 23, Feb. 5-7 Eagle Watch, Beavers Bend State Park, (405) 494-6300
 23-24 Travel and Vacation Show, Convention Center, Tulsa, 1-800-722-9737
 26-31 Boat, Sport and Travel Show, Expo Square, Tulsa, 1-800-722-9737
 30 OK Trappers Assoc. Auction, Fairgrounds, Muskogee, (918) 687-4406

FEBRUARY

- 5-6 Kiwanis Club Carnival, Convention Center, Elk City, (405) 225-8877
 12-13 Truck Pull, Hardy Murphy Colliseum, Ardmore, (405) 223-2541
 12-14 Home and Garden Show, Fairgrounds, OKC, (405) 256-1403
 19-21 OK Tackle Show, Fairgrounds, OKC, (405) 787-2233
 19-21 Truck/Tractor Pull, Fairgrounds, OKC, (405) 623-2544
 20 Hee Haw's 20th Anniversary Show, Lazy E Arena, Guthrie, (405) 282-3004
 20-21 African Violet Show and Sale, Tulsa Garden Center, Tulsa, (918) 627-7395
 26-27 Variety Show, Ramona Theatre, Frederick, (405) 335-5503
 27-28 Great American Antique and Garage Sale, Fairgrounds, OKC, (405) 948-6700



RODEOS & HORSE EVENTS

JANUARY

- 21-24 Int'l Finals Rodeo, Convention Center, Tulsa, (918) 592-7177

Although the information in this calendar is current, dates and details can change without notice. Please check in advance before attending any event.

